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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRIENDSHIP

Addressed to my young friend Mr. William M. Goodwin.

O tell me not—I'll ne'er believe
What some have often sung,
That Friendship's meant but to deceive,
Mere tenderness of tongue.
I'll ne'er believe that one like thee,
So generous and just,
Can practise arts of treachery
Beneath the garb of trust.

There is a train in treach'rous man,
Yet fathom'd but by few;
'Tis dark, tho' open to our scan
And false, tho' seeming true:
It hath a tongue that doth impart,
Yes, but sweet trumpets roll;
But 'tis the hydra of the heart,
The serpent of the soul.

That man who proves in fortune's day,
To needless man a friend,
And like a lover steals away,
When fortune's favors end,
Ne'er felt the generous spark impart
The flame which is display'd—
Which burns within pure friendship's heart,
Thro' sunshine and thro' shade.

But thee, my youthful friend, I know,
I know thy heart sincere;
Thou can'st drop balm on human woe,
On sorrow's tomb a tear.
And well I know thy feelings blend
With thy affections warm;
Thou art to fellow man a friend,
In sunshine and in storm.

MILFORD BARD.

LINES.

Who spoke of the wine cup as a charm
To crush the source of sorrow;
Can the wine cup grief disarm,
Or promise peace to-morrow?

Speak not of wine, it cannot heal
A breast with grief oppress'd;
The fumes of wine cannot conceal
The scorpion in the breast.

Speak not of wine, it may consume
Our misery for a minute;
But when our griefs rise from its fume,
A image of woe is in it.

If infant sorrow rend thy heart
Should tendril-like entwine,
Oh! shun the cause of every smart,
The cursed use of wine. SEER.

ACROSTIC.

Blest nest of my childhood, oh! beautiful spot,
Ever dear to my heart shall thy memory prove,
Long shall I cherish what can ne'er be forgot,
Long shall I think on the scenes that I love.
Virtue, Peace and Content may you ever there dwell,
To the hearts of my friends, meet a welcome sincere;
Each day, oh! attend them, nor bid them farewell,
While their hearts kindly welcome and love you so dear. GLORVINA.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Why do the loveliest seasons fly?
No longer seen, no longer known;
Why is the range of earth and sky,
Like as a transient vision gone?
'Tis time with unmolested way,
That sweeps those lovely scenes away.

Life, as a fine majestic oak,
Stretches its stately branches round;
Then bows beneath the fatal stroke,
And spreads its foliage on the ground;
Time, with a rude remorseless sway,
Does sweep our feeble life away.

I saw the blooming sons of God,
Sustain'd by earth, and rear'd by heaven;
I saw them spread their tents abroad,
And then from all their pleasures driven;
Relentless time with ruthless sway,
Did sweep those blooming sons away.

I saw the earth, a charming scene,
With hills and vales resplendent drest;
With groves and fields of lovely green,
And flocks and herds with plenty blest;
But time with wanton reckless sway,
Did sweep those beauteous scenes away.

I saw the glittering rolling spheres,
Ranging the sky with ceaseless light;
When in the lapse of wasting years,
They set in everlasting night;
'Twas time that bore such boundless sway,
That swept those radiant orbs away.

At length old time was pensive laid,
As lowering o'er this week of things;
And feeble were the attempts he made
To spread again his pendant wings;
Eternal ages claim'd the sway,
And swept insatiate time away.

I saw those mighty ruins, all
Convulsive move with dreadful throes;
I heard a voice imperative call,
And a new earth and heaven rose;
'Twas God, who did his sceptre sway,
And introduced eternal day.

I saw the illustrious dead assume
Immortal life in realms divine;
I saw through ages yet to come,
Unfolding scenes of glory shine;
Where endless life obtains the sway,
And time and death are done away.

I saw nanumber'd millions dwell
In glorious climes of boundless love;
Where angel's anthems sweetly swell,
Resplendent through the courts above;
Where pure delights in full display,
Extend through everlasting day. J. R.

THE FAMILY DINNER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN VIENNA.

"I wish you would come and dine with me some time in a friendly way," said, continually to me, a young man whom I used to meet at the coffee houses and the theatres, and who fastened himself upon me in every place, offering me civilities which I did not feel much inclined to accept. He was just such a personage as we see hundreds of every day; and therefore I shall not describe him more particularly, lest my readers should fix upon some one of their acquaintance as the original of the portrait. "You must," said he, "come to my house, and be acquainted with my wife—there are not ten like her in the whole world; and my children, too—though I say it who should not say it—such children as mine are real blessings. I must shew you how I live. I am the happiest master of a family alive, and a proper example for young men who don't like matrimony. Come and dine with me once. We shall treat you without ceremony, and give you only a family dinner; but I will answer for it you will be pleased."

Although I am by no means averse to splendid tables, sumptuous viands, and numerous guests, yet there is nothing which I enjoy more than a quiet family dinner, particularly when invited by an old friend, for the purpose of having a little tranquil conversation. It is refreshing to the mind, to leave for a few hours the tumult of the great world, to be a transient partaker of the unostentatious pleasures of domestic intercourse—and in such circumstances, a glass of old Rhenish tastes better than the Bourdeaux, Sauterne, and Champagne at tables where I hear no conversation but that relative to the opera of yesterday, and see nothing but artificial faces, and still more artificial manners.

I met my above-mentioned friend in the street a few days ago. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, laid hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going. "To dinner," was my reply.—"Good! good!" replied he: "now I have caught you, I shall not let you go; you must take a family dinner with me. It was in vain that I pleaded a prior invitation as an excuse—my too hospitable friend would not admit of it, and I was obliged to follow. I consoled myself with thinking that perhaps, I might fare better than I expected, and that my host might really have a pleasant wife, well-behaved children, and a good table.

We reached the house, which was in the suburbs, and ascended to the third story. As we went up stairs we were greeted by the noise of children, crying and fighting. "Ah!" said my conductor, laughing, "do you hear my little darlings? The poor sweet fellows are hungry, and have been waiting for me." Now, thought I, if the little darlings make as much noise during our dinner, I shall have to repent my weakness.

We knocked; a thin, sallow-faced woman opened the door, and on seeing me started back, with marks of no very agreeable surprise. "My dear," said my host, "this is Herr C***, my friend whom I have so often mentioned to you—he is going to take his chance with us to-day of a family dinner." The lady's long visage became still longer at these words; she made me a curtesy which resembled a contortion of anger, and drawled out, "Happy to see you," in so gloomy a tone, that it sounded very much like "I wished you were hanged." Nothing can be more unpleasant than to feel ourselves unwelcome in houses whither we came against our inclinations. I wished myself ten miles off; but my new acquaintance said, "Now let us leave the mistress to make her preparations," and led me into an adjoining room, to shew me his dwelling. "I have not many apartments," continued he, perfectly self-satisfied, "but every thing is neat and orderly." I was then obliged to stoop to get into a cabinet, which two little dirty brats seemed to have been turning topsy-turvy. The floor and furniture were covered with snips of paper, pictures, knives, spoons, and toys of all kinds. "This is the only true happiness—to be a father!" said my host, while he cleared a chair to offer it to me. "Hey, Charles! Louis! come and ask the gentleman how he does."—"I shant," said Charles, and the father whispered in my ears, "Full of spirit; quiet a character.—Come to me directly," continued he to the boy, somewhat more severely. The boys laughed, and remained still. The father went and pulled them towards me by the ears, assuring me all the time of their obedience. "Now Charles, have you learned your lesson? repeat your fable." The boy muttered—

"I was resolved one day to go,
To see the wild beast at the show,"

and ran off directly to his play. "Very well," said the father; "now it is your turn, Louis. Ah! you shall see the boy's a genius: he says such things, they are quite surprising. Tell me Louis, what is the greatest wonder in the world?" "A mince-pie!" answered the boy pertly. The father laughed long and loudly. "Did I not say so? you did not expect such a witty answer, did you? I shall bring him up to politics."

At last the pale-faced mistress thrust her head in at the door, squeaked out, "Dinner's ready!" and immediately shut the door again with a bang. "Dinner, dinner!" bawled the children, and rushed out of the room before us. We followed, and the father placed me at table between his two sprouts, telling me they would amuse me in a thousand different ways. A great spaniel immediately began pawing me to beg something of me, and a starling jumped down on the table, and hopped from plate to plate; while the lady handed me a napkin, which would have been white but for the service it seemed to have rendered to more than one predecessor. Mamma helped the soup, which proved too little salted. Papa took notice of this in the following polite remark:—"My Julia is as sparing of her salt in her soup as in her words." Julia was accordingly obliged to rise from table to fetch the salt, which had been forgotten. She excused herself, saying, that her servant had been away all day attending a sick mother. "That's a fib," cried Charles, "we have not had a servant these three weeks." A smart rap on the knuckles with a spoon rewarded his comment—he began to bellow, and would not be quiet till mamma gave him a bit of sugar-candy, which he sucked instead of soup. "You must excuse our fare," said the lady; then turning to me, and offering me a dish of vegetables with a fried sausage in it, "I did not know my husband intended bringing a guest home—but he is always playing me such tricks." I colored up to the eyes. "Hey! what!" said the husband. "O friends will make allowances: Herr C*** will, I know, enjoy this familiar dinner." The lady answered him with a most angry glance.

The family dinner consisted of a thin, watery soup, thickly powdered with saffron, some radishes, and a little bit of butter, so small that the children clamored in vain for their allowances of it to their bread; next followed beef, in which my eyes looked in vain for fat; then appeared the sour-krout, warmed up for the second time with a single sausage; and at last a dish in which I could discover nothing but sauce. "This is a fricassee-chicken," said my amiable and agreeable host, "my wife has no equal in cooking it." I rejoiced at first in the hopes of getting something I could eat; but after fishing a long time in a sea of liquid, I could only bring up one chicken's drum-stick. My host kept urging me to drink, with the assurance that his wine was not strong, but had a very rich flavor, and was perfectly innocent. I took his word readily enough for the last qualification, as the taste led me to suspect that my economical landlady had made two bottles out of one.

My charming little neighbors annoyed me not slightly during the dinner.—Charles amused himself with kicking my shins under the table; and Louis, with imperturable coolness, wiped his fingers upon my clothes. The catastrophe of the family party at length approached: Charles, in endeavoring to take a bone which his brother was knawing, knocked down his own plate, and spilled the greasy water, which was substituted for gravy, over my new blue coat. Mamma instead of assisting me, began to bewail her broken plate, and ran after the child to beat him, while he took refuge behind his father: the father rose to appease his wife—the dog howled—Louis grinned; Charles screamed—the lady scolded—and the starling quietly perched himself upon my head, and began pecking my hair.

At last my friend resumed his seat, and said laughing:—"This you see, my friend, is my way of life; and I feel myself more happy under my lawful roof than a king in his palace." He asked me if I was accustomed to take coffee after dinner; for though there was none ready, he had a machine which would make it in five minutes. I thanked him, saying that coffee made me ill, that I had taken a most excellent dinner, and was obliged to go. "Farewell, then," said my friend; "I hope I shall see you again soon. You know the way to my house now—you know my family, and the fashion we live in—as it is to day, so it is every day: I hope you will often come and take a family dinner with us." I hardly know what I said in return; but I hastily seized my hat, muttered some compliments, ran out of the door—and shudder still at the recollection of the "Family Dinner."—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

From the New-York Enquirer.

"SHE HAS FINISHED HER EDUCATION."

Do you observe that young lady with a compressed shape—a courmous French hat—a superabundance of chains, bracelets, crosses, golden hearts, &c. &c. minceing her steps through Broadway? "*She has finished her education.*" Observe Miss Prissy with her hair *en papilote*, her slippers slip shod, her calico morning gown unhooked, her eyes half closed, and her mouth in the sulks, slide to the breakfast table at 9 o'clock. "*She has finished her education.*" See that young lady lolling on the bed and crying over a novel. "*She has also finished her education.*" Only mark the fine, bold, independent air which Miss Dashaway puts on as she sails through the drawing rooms—a nod to one—a smile to another—Harry how de do, when do you marry? Bless us a quadrille. Bennett play "Go to the devil and shake yourself." "Engaged, sir, for the next six cotillions." "*She has likewise finished her education.*"!

The fact is, that young ladies at the present day finish their education before they have actually commenced. They mistake the mere elementary and introductory part of their education for the commencement, when, in fact, the commencement may be dated from that period when mind and faculty develope themselves and embrace in a comprehensive manner, all the details and items of early instruction, giving to each, force, stability and finish.

It is before the flower puts forth its genial buds, that it is taken from the parent stalk, and though admired and caressed for a time, it soon withers.

The Liverpool Albion, in noticing this subject, remarks—

"There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge, that '*finished* her education,' by leaving peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and the mother of six children. She plays well upon the piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does, put all the children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table, the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grandmother's pantry—and her coffee—O! her coffee!—it would cost her head, if the very scent of it reached the Grand Turk's palace—and yet the lady has '*finished* her education."

LIFE'S PLEASURES.

Life hath its hour of joy—here falls
No gloom on childhood's sunny brow,
No care that bows—no bond that thralls
The heart, can life's gay morning know.
But oh! for childhood's sunny hours
In vain the heart in after years
Shall seek—when wither'd by the blight
Of disappointment—when the cares
Of life are crowding on the mind,
When by fate's faithless phantom led
In search of joy, it mourns to find
The promised bliss forever fled.

Of confidence and vows of truth—
When fancy with his brightest beams
Has lifted up the path of youth;
But soon or late time must come,
When dreams of youth must pass away,
And sorrow cast its veil of gloom,
Before its bright and cheering ray;
The noblest feelings of the heart,
Of pure and deep affection born,
From the chill'd bosom shall depart,
Wither'd by cold neglect and scorn.

Life hath its hour of Love—it brings
A strange compound of hopes and fears;
Brightest of Life's imaginings
Is love in youth's unclouded years;
But oh! how oft its charm hath past,
Like visions of the night away,
Swept o'er by disappointment's blast,
Leaving the heart to dread decay;—
The fondest and the loveliest form
That o'er hath known love's rapturous spell,
Hath sunk beneath the wasting storm
That on its true affections fell.

Life hath its bliss—the bliss that flows
From consciousness of having done
Our duty at Life's weary close,
When slowly sinks existence's sun;
When we can look around and see
No dark seeming spirit near,
When from the bond of earth set free
The weary soul hath joy to hear
Its summons to a brighter clime,
Where earthly woes no entrance find,
And when the dreary hours of time
Are left with all their cares behind. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. WHIP SILLABUB.

Mr. Whip Syllabub was so much disgusted with his visit to the country, that it quite cured him of his foolish fondness for the beauties of nature. His mind was so sensitive that he could never after see a pitch fork at a shop door for sale without shuddering. The sight of a country man gave him the horrors—he would any time cross the street to avoid one, and the country girls with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks had no power to touch a heart like his—no—and the city belles had to sigh in secret that the light of his countenance lost not radiance on them. He was invulnerable—the cunning god had cast his barbed arrows in vain—they fell blunted and harmless against the thick steeled armour of his corsets—and his heart, if he ever had one, was so compressed with corals, steel and whalebone, that all its nobler qualities were pressed out. Still he had a heart, but it was like a lemon that had been squeezed in a punch bowl, there was the skin and fibres, and dry pulps, but what was a good for? its operations were obstructed, the arteries were of course but ill supplied with the vital fluid of life, and the convulsive distortion, and ghastly hue of his countenance, too plainly revealed the agony he suffered. I have seen him in the streets, in the ball rooms, in church, and I saw him on horseback—how he ever got on, heaven only knows, but as he rode, one would have thought the nerves of his jaws were animated with the galvanic battery.—Till then I always looked on him as an object of contempt and ridicule, but now I cannot but admire the fortitude and patience he possesses—those who bow at the shrine of dandyism are a distinct set of beings by themselves; they are so absorbed in self, they seldom marry—but it is not from religious scruples to meditate in the gloom of a cloister; no, they cannot renounce the world entirely, for there is one object in it they idolize, that occupies almost all their time, that the whole brotherhood would rise to defend, that they cherish with affection, and love, because it reflects their own image: it is the *Looking glass*. They are not admitted into the company of married men, nor noticed by the bachelors, while they serve as a subject of laughter to every body, but they pay quicker away, as little lamented, and as thoughtless and inconsistent as the gaudy summer butterfly they so much resemble—but peace be with their ashes, the sod that covers them will not be broken—their skeletons would be of no more use to the anatomical sciencer, than a sparrows sticker is to a tree.—The gardener tosses it off and throws it away, because it is entirely useless. NORA.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

"IS IT FANCY, OR IS IT FACT?"

No more will I love, for my Mother is fled,
My Brother is gone to the seas for his bread,
And O, my poor Father, by whom I am led,
How cold is his hand when I take it.

He has eyes, he has sorrows, and wild is his smile
When I strive all his harrowing thoughts to beguile,
I gaze on his anguish and fancy the while
That his heart wants but fain to break it.

No more will I love—for my lover is gone—
At noon day the grasshopper sits by the stone,
And at twilight the whippoorwill utters his moan,
When deep in the wood he is buried.

'Twas there that he wished to be laid, for 'twas there
That truth told its tale and that love kindled its fire
To ever,
And the last sigh he gave, the longest a sad promise to
swear
That he and his love should be married.

He's wedded indeed, and I'm wedded to woe,
My Father's distracted, and where shall I go—
Shall I follow my Mother?—O, misery—no,
I am sad, I am not her daughter.

One hope I can cherish—one form I can seek;
On one breast I can sigh, to one heart I can speak;
And the tear I next shed shall fall full on his cheek,
The brother that ventur'd the water.

ROB ROY.

The following sketch from this work displays that vividness of description which is so characteristic of the writings of Sir Walter Scott:

AN EXECUTION OF A SPY,

AMONG THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

It was under the burning influence of revenge, that the wife of Mac Gregor communicated that the hostage exchanged for her husband's safety should be brought before her. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch from her sight, for fear of the consequences, but if it was so, their precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized countenance I recognized to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution; so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her garment. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstacy of fear was such, that instead of paralysing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested with the deepest oaths his total ignorance of any design upon the life of Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life, he would give all he had in the world; he begged only for life—life, though it should be prolonged under tortures and privations; he asked only breath—breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest cavern of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Mac Gregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. I could bid you live, said she, had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me, that it is to every noble-minded person; but you, wretch, could creep through the world, unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow, you could live and enjoy yourself while the noble minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the necks of the brave and long descended, you could live like a butcher's dog in the shambles, fattening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave is going on around you. This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die base dog, and that before you cloud has passed over the sun.

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of them seized upon the prostrate supplicant and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "Oh! Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid tied it round his neck, and then again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress—half naked, and thus mangled, they hurled him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, above which however the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders with their pole-axes, and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore—But the knot had been securely bound, the victim sank without any effort, the waters which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the end of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

OLD WYOMING.

When Campbell wrote his beautiful and tender poem of *Gertrude of Wyoming*; when he painted her, and the romantic borders of the noble Susquehanna, in all the beauty of a poet's imagination, he little thought that his splendid coloring was less luxuriant than that which nature, with a lavish hand, had already dressed it. Indeed, if he were to wander among the scenes which his classic pen has so finely sketched, he would be delighted and confounded at the exuberance of natural beauties, and exclaim with Addison,

How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a liberal hand!

The valley of the Susquehanna, at that point on which stands the town of Wilkesbarre, unites, with salubrity of atmosphere, an assemblage of beauties, rural and picturesque, seldom found within a compass so confined. A strip of fertile land on either side of the river, terminating by a range of lofty mountains, whose blue tops, rising one above another, present a bold but romantic outline on the distant horizon. Beneath them flows the Susquehanna—not "unknown to song"—whose distant windings may be traced far away, as they peep out abruptly from behind some mountain outlet. No wonder that to this delightful spot the wishes of the sagacious aborigines should have been directed. No wonder that the white men should have found their wigwams rising up amidst the darkness of the wilderness, when his capacious spirit first led him into this romantic region. Neither should we wonder that the all-grasping spirit which impelled, and which has consigned too many of their names to endless infamy, should have early incited them to dispossess the aboriginal proprietors of their peaceful homes; and they succeeded. Many years the whites had held undisturbed possession of the valley of Wyoming; had ploughed its fertile fields unmolested; dwelled the traces of its ancient inhabitants, their wigwams, and the burial places of their chief and warriors, and changed it into a flourishing settlement, when that tremendous struggle for liberty, the Revolutionary War, scattered over this country the fire-brands of rapine and bloodshed. The people were divided on the momentous question to be decided; and Whig and Tory distinctions soon became apparent. Those devoted to the interest of the latter, sought refuge among the surrounding tribes of Indians, whom they incited to a sure and deadly revenge. In the language of America's great historian, their numbers gradually increased, and their resentments sustained no diminution. At their head was a Col. John Butler, the cousin of Col. Zebulon Butler, the gentleman who was in command in the militia of Wyoming.

The commencement of the year had furnished news indicative of hostile designs on the part of the Indians, but as the time approached, when the great blow they meditated was to be given, the cunning policy of mercuring its effect, by lulling into security those against whom it was to be directed, was successfully resorted to. Several messengers came in from the hostile tribes charged with assurances of their peaceful dispositions, and Butler himself, in a most courteous assemblage of savages, declared in their peculiar language, that he was about to withdraw to Detroit, "his head being too short to do any thing this year." Their designs, however, were penetrated; and it is said that letters were despatched to Congress and the General, giving the outlines to which they were exposed. Their letters were unfortunately intercepted by the Tories of Pennsylvania. Monsieur Tonder, the tories, for their sagacity, took college in their tribe.

On the first of July, a body supposed to be nearly sixteen hundred strong, composed of about three hundred Indians, led by their own chiefs, and a number of tories painted like Indians, under the command of Col. John Butler, broke into the Wyoming settlement, and obtained easy possession of one of the two upper forts, which being garrisoned, as it is alleged, chiefly by concealed tories, was delivered up without opposition—the other was taken.

The two principal forts, Kingston and Wilkesbarre, were near each other on the opposite sides of the river. Col. Zebulon Butler marched into Kingston with the greatest part of the armed force of the country, and a number of women and children took refuge in the same place. After rejecting a summons to surrender, he proposed a parley, and a place at some distance from the fort was agreed on for a meeting of the chiefs. He marched out with four hundred men, to the place appointed, where no person was found on the part of the enemy; but at a still greater distance from the fort, at the foot of a mountain, a flag was exhibited, which retired as he approached, as if apprehensive of danger from the enemy. Col. Butler continued to advance until he found himself almost enveloped by the enemy, who ran and fired on him. Notwithstanding the effect to be expected from such circumstances, his troops displayed such a degree of firmness, and acquitted themselves with so much resolution, that the advantage was rather on their side; when a soldier, either through treachery or cowardice, cried out, "the Colonel has ordered a retreat." Immediately confusion was succeeded by a total rout—The troops fled towards the river, which they endeavoured to pass, in order to enter fort Wilkesbarre; the enemy pursued "with the fury of devils," and of the four hundred who had marched out on this unfortunate parley, only about twenty escaped. Fort Kingston was immediately invested, and to increase the terror of the garrison, and impress on them the horrors of their situation, the bleeding scalps of their murdered countrymen were sent in for their inspection.

Col. Zebulon Butler having withdrawn himself and family down the river, Col. Dennison, the commanding officer, went out to enquire of the officer commanding the besieger, what terms would be allowed the garrison on surrendering the fort? Unlike to Spartan brevity, more than cannibal ferocity, this tutored savage answered in two words, "The hatchet." Having lost great part of his garrison, being unable to hold out longer, and not supposing it possible that the unresisting could be coolly and deliberately massacred, Col. Dennison surrendered at discretion. He misunderstood the character of those into whose hands he had fallen. The threat of Butler was executed with scrupulous punctuality. After selecting a few prisoners, the great body of the people in the fort were enclosed in the houses, fire was applied to them, and they were consumed together.

Butler then passed over to Wilkesbarre, which was surrendered without resistance. The effort to mollify the revengeful fury which governed him was unavailing. The continental soldiers, amounting to about seventy, were hacked to pieces. The remaining men with the women and children, shared the fate of their brethren in Kingston—they perished in the flames.

All show of resistance was now terminated, but the ruin contemplated was not yet complete. Near three thousand persons had escaped—flying without money, clothes, or food, they sought for safety in the interior country. To prevent their returning every thing remaining behind them was doomed to destruction. Fire and the sword were alternately applied; and all the houses and improvements which the labor of years had provided, as well as every living animal which could be found were destroyed. The settlements of the tories alone were preserved. They appeared, says Mr. Gordon, as islands in the midst of surrounding ruin.

Some peculiar instances of barbarity have been related in the details given of this expedition, at which human nature recoils. Parents were murdered by their children, and brothers and sisters fell by the hands of brothers. Of such crimes are we capable, when the torch of civil discord is once lighted among us, and all the endearing social ties which sweeten life, are made to yield to political fury!

The incursions of irregulars may be often repeated, but are seldom of long duration. The invaders of Wyoming withdrew from the country which they had thus laid waste before the arrival of the continental troops which were detached to meet them.

Even at this distant day, there remain a few survivors of this awful and heart rending visitation.—A few who went out with Col. Zebulon Butler, who went out to meet the deceitful flag of truce, and who escaped, still repeat the harrowing events of that terrible catastrophe.—Their relations of it should be preserved; for the time will soon arrive when the departing worthies of those iron times will be no more among us. One by one they depart, leaving those who survive, a bright and almost sacred charge for their descendants to console and cherish.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth."

It was midnight—the witching time was come when wandering spirits are said to walk the earth, and still the sad Rosalie Hagerett; she could not sleep, and dared not think, misfortune had chased away every feeling but despondency, and she sat brooding over her ill fate till the clock struck twelve; she started, and flew to her infant boy that lay slumbering on its pillow, unmindful of its wretched Mother; as Rosalie bent forward it smiled—that smile consoled her, and clasping it to her bosom, she murmured out a blessing on its cherub head. Rosalie was once a favorite of Fortune, and her young days were passed in the sunbeams of prosperity. She was the only daughter of her fond and indulgent parents, and no pains nor expense were spared to render her happy. She grew up amiable and accomplished, the idol of her parents, and beloved by all who knew her: But, alas! it was fated that all her glittering prospects were to vanish like a dream; her Father died, and from that moment was dated all the sorrows of her eventful life. Scarcely had a twelvemonth passed, ere her two brothers were also snatched from her by the hand of Death. It was now that the tenderness and sensibility of Rosalie so amiably unfolded itself; every art, every exertion was called forth to comfort her widowed Mother. With all the ardour of youthful imagination, she drew glowing pictures of the future, and in the enjoyments of the *present*, endeavoured to make her Mother cease to regret the *past*; nor did she ever smile so beautifully as when she beheld a smile of approbation steal o'er the pensive features of her beloved parent. But a blow still deeper, hovered over their defenceless heads. A Stranger, endowed with all the art to charm and captivate the female heart, saw, and loved the fair Rosalie. He assailed her with every blandishment that could dazzle and allure her senses. So uniform was his conduct, and so honourable his whole behaviour that he won the entire confidence of her Mother, and the blush of modest joy tinged the cheek of Rosalie, when, after the expiration of a few months, her Mother consented to the formal proposals of Edgar Mandlebert. They were shortly after united, their path seemed strewed with flowers, and not a cloud intervened to mar their felicity. But as nothing in this world is perfect, so neither is there any thing permanent. Only a few months of happiness had glided away, ere Mandlebert became gloomy and reserved, sullen and discontented. This change was too obvious not to be perceived by the attentive Rosalie, and with every fond endearment, she strove to win from him the cause of this strange and wayward conduct; but his answers were evasive and unsatisfactory, and her inquiries only served to deepen the gloom of his countenance. The mystery still increased, till dark rumours reached her ear that Mandlebert was, ere he married her, the husband of another! distressed beyond concealment, the distracted Rosalie sought his presence, and revealed the heart-rending tale; so powerful were her feelings, she could not observe the visible emotion of Mandlebert, and in trying to calm her distraction, he had leisure to collect his scattered senses. With every soothing art he combatted her fears, and protested with the most sacred assurances that the report was most false. The unhappy Rosalie struggled with her feelings, and smiling through her tears, strove to compose her spirits; but the direful news still floated on her memory, and withered every hope of peace. She still dwelt upon the tale that had blasted all her joys, and wept to think she must suspect that being whom she once fondly believed incapable of guile. Some months rolled away, till one evening as she sat caressing her infant boy, Mandelbert suddenly broke silence, by telling her that urgent business required his immediate absence from home;—"May I venture to enquire the business?" timidly asked the anxious Rosalie—he changed colour, and stammered a few incoherent words, but recollecting himself, he said, "Be not alarmed my love—I would not wish to cause you unnecessary pain; my departure, though unpleasant cannot be avoided; but be assured every moment will appear an age, and I will hasten my return as soon as possible." A deadly paleness overspread the face of Rosalie, her apprehensive heart feared she knew not what; the thought struck her, that this was his final departure; and as her eyes met his, it seemed to search his inmost soul—but, secure in perfidy, he shrunk not from her penetrating glance, and with a fond endearing smile, he whispered, "will not my Rosalie welcome my return?" "Welcome you, Mandlebert!" cried she, blushing at her involuntary suspicion, "but go—how unjust, how selfish am I—but—" and she hesitated between love and fear; "you will soon return, and happiness may again be mine." They parted, weeks rolled on, and no tidings of her husband; months passed in succession, and Rosalie was still forgotten. The many terrors that crowded on her mind now told her that her former fears were not imaginary. Mandlebert, the beloved of her heart, was unworthy of thought, and had forsaken her. The blow was overwhelming, and but for the ceaseless efforts of her adoring Mother, the hapless Rosalie would have sunk under it. At length, time, the soother of human ills, in some degree assuaged her painful feelings, and she had leisure to reflect on her wretched situation; to view with regret those pleasures which once were hers, and which were now palsied—but she found it necessary to exert herself; her Mother who anxiously watched her varying countenance would be miserable while Rosalie was unhappy, and her lovely babe claimed her maternal regard; so trying to shake off the despondency which crushed her once buoyant spirits, she endeavoured to be composed and resigned, but that effort was more than she could always sustain, and in the moment of apparent cheerfulness she could with difficulty repress her tears; but other misfortunes roused her from the torpor of despair. Her husband's affairs were left in an unsettled state, and ere the poignancy of her feelings had subsided, his creditors seized on all she possessed, and in one short

hour she found herself bereft of all! Her proud spirit sunk from the idea of making known her situation to those with whom she had once basked in the sunshine of pleasure. She could not humble herself to ask assistance of the very persons who had formerly courted her friendship, and who perhaps might now only bestow on her cold pity; and she could not brook to receive pity from those who once envied her. After a few faint struggles of regret, she determined on leaving that part of the world where she was known; a moment she paused as she dwelt upon the felicity of her former life, and sighed to think 'twas but a dream, sweet as transient. But the next moment found her composed, and even happy; the proud consciousness that she had nothing to reproach herself with, and that she did not merit her bitter fate, calmed and ameliorated her sorrow; she reflected that she had talents that might be made useful, and lifting her hands to heaven, the young and amiable Rosalie vowed to devote those talents for her Mother and her deserted boy. Such is the magic influence of Virtue, that when her Mother came to seek her, she could scarcely recognize in the glowing enthusiast before her, the pale and despairing Rosalie, who had so lately refused all consolation. The next day, they left B——, and repaired to a clime where nothing could remind them of what they had lost; Rosalie exerted her talents for the maintenance of her child, and aided by her Mother, her virtue was rewarded with health, peace and cheerfulness. With those blessings we will now leave her, happy within her own mind, happy within the little family that surrounds her, she lives blessing and blessed. MARIA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

(Continued from our last.)

In my last communication I marked the commencement of hostile operations against one of our most exemplary and distinguished ministers—it was the beginning of a course in which our opponents have distinguished themselves by the most disorderly conduct, and by repeated infractions of the discipline. Like the sudden eruption of a volcano it spread alarm through the Society, which extended to its utmost borders—to some however it was not altogether unexpected—living near the point of explosion they had noticed the symptoms of a hidden fire, which was soon to break out, and spread distress over the fair inheritance, planted and improved by our enlightened and faithful predecessors.

A series of overt acts hostile in their character, now followed each other in rapid succession—those who could not conscientiously unite in these offensive measures, were soon marked out, and virtually disfranchised of their rights in Society. In our meetings for discipline, any disunity with these measures, though manifested by the voice of overwhelming majorities, was wholly unheeded, and the great body of friends assembled, were often forced to sit the suffering spectators of proceedings unwarranted either by the letter of discipline or the usages of Society.

When our Friends remonstrated against these arbitrary proceedings, they were told that they were the *lighter* part of Society, that decisions should be made, not by the *number* of voices advocating or opposing any measure, but by the *weight* of the speakers. We (said our opponents) have the weight, therefore you ought quietly to submit! This convenient mode of argument was universally adopted, and Friends were often silenced by this unanswerable objection, that they were *the lighter part of the Meeting*—the *right of judging* being with the objectors!!!

Now we all know that a *rich man* weighs a great deal more than a *poor one*. *Wealth* gives "weight" in various ways. Literary attainments, a fluent speech, an elegant exterior, are amongst her gifts, which, in some of our assemblies, have set the poor, but honest and exemplary members of Society, among the *lighter* portion of the flock. *Wealth* also gives a certain confidence to a speaker, and in all assemblies where the pure influence of the Gospel is not predominant, there the *rich* are "the weighty part of Society." But *wealth* holds in her hand the means of *employment*—here again she has *weight*, and in the present unhappy state of our Society, many of its poor but conscientious members, have felt *that weight* pressing upon them with such force that they have hardly been able to breathe!

Now I admit that in that kind of *weight* which WEALTH gives, our opponents in this city, have, in proportion to their numbers, much the advantage of us—it is true there are many wealthy men who oppose these arbitrary counsels, and who are willing to risk every thing in the cause of religious liberty; men who count not, even *their lives*, dear unto themselves, so that they may be found faithfully supporting the ancient testimonies and fundamental principle of the Society—a principle to which they owe every thing in this life, which deserves the name of happiness.

But I cannot admit that in the weight of character which is derived from a holy and virtuous life, and from a course marked by consistency with our religious profession, our opponents have any advantage over us. It is cause of rejoicing, for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, that in the ranks of those who desire to "stand fast in that liberty with which Christ hath made us free," there are found a multitude of ministers, elders, overseers and faithful friends—men whose heads are covered with grey hairs, whose lives have been spent in the cause of truth and righteousness, and whose names cannot be mentioned without respect and veneration. With respect to numbers, it is now beyond a doubt that much the greater part of Friends in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, are with us in sentiment and openly espouse our cause.

I deem it unimportant in the present stage of this discussion, to adduce *proofs* of the preceding statements—they would occupy much room in this paper, and to thousands of my readers, who know that they are true, it is wholly unnecessary. Nevertheless should any of my statements be called in question, I pledge myself, if life and health be continued, to lay before the public satisfactory evidence in their support.

I have said that the course our opponents pursued was distinguished by the most disorderly conduct, and by repeated infractions of the discipline—but these were not the only causes of uneasiness—doctrines were promulgated which increased the alarm. The *fundamental principle* of the Society—"The Light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's salvation," was said to be insufficient "without something else." We were told that it was daggerous to depend on this alone! The Atonement by the *vicarious sufferings* of Christ without the gates of Jerusalem as a *propitiatory* sacrifice—his "proper divinity"—the *necessity of the scriptures* as a medium of divine instruction were publicly held forth, and finally Friends were told, there could be no true knowledge of God but by the Scriptures!

The members of the Society are not generally skilled in the nice distinctions and metaphysical quibbles of the schools, and many little inconsistencies with their *fundamental principle*, and with the doctrine of the *divine unity*, have passed, and will pass in their meetings and in writings, without much notice. With the eye intently turned to the only Divine Instructor, and fully confiding in his power, the mind is not easily alarmed by mistakes arising from inadvertency or an imperfect acquaintance with scholastic terms—but, when, in bold unambiguous language, from the lips of those who have had large opportunities of instruction, they heard the great and distinguishing tenets of the Society openly and repeatedly attacked, they could no longer remain inactive witnesses of such procedure. In the conduct of our opponents they had seen a developement of the most arbitrary dispositions, and in their doctrines the grossest departure from the received opinions of the Society.

With respect to doctrines, Melancthon says, "The whole point in dispute turns on the *divinity of Christ*, and the *value of the Scriptures*." See S. E. P. Sno 4, 1827—In his last No. (10mo 6, 1827,) he says, the Society of Friends "do most fully subscribe to the doctrine of the *proper divinity* of Jesus Christ." What he means by "the proper divinity of Jesus Christ" he has not explained. I have not been a careless reader of our authors, neither has my reading been confined to a few of them, and hitherto I never saw these terms used by any acknowledged Quaker writer. They are *unscriptural* and *unquakerly*, newly imported I suppose from some transatlantic school of theology, whether of the GOURLEY family or not, I cannot say. The term "proper" however, as explained by our Lexicographers, and confirmed by reference to its etymology, signifies "peculiar," "appertaining or belonging to any other." Therefore, "the *proper divinity* of Jesus Christ" must be some kind of divinity which belonged to "Jesus of Nazareth, *a man* approved of God by miracles and wonders, and signs which God did by him." Acts ii. 22. Consequently it must be a divinity which properly belonged to that man, and to no one else!

Here we see in language that cannot be misunderstood one of the corners of the *mystic triangle*—the cabalistic symbol of a "three God"—a doctrine of *human invention*, introduced into the church 300 years after Christ—a doctrine born in the apostacy, matured in strife, and fed with blood. It introduced contention into Christendom, accompanied with war and desolation, which continued for more than five hundred years. It was finally established by the sword, under the Emperor Theodosius, and was followed by one of the darkest nights that ever came over the world—a night in which the very lights of natural science were extinguished, and the Church (such as it was) left to grope its way in the darkness of midnight, along the orthodox path of an implicit faith, led by a blind priest or a vicious friar.

Having embraced this absurd scheme of faith, it is very natural and consistent in Melancthon that he should attack a fellow member of his own Society, who some years since appeared in public defending the doctrines of Fox, Penn, and Barclay, against a *Trinitarian* opposer.

Melancthon, in his last number, tells the public that "a writer in the Christian Repository, a weekly paper published at Wilmington in the state of Delaware, attacked under the signature of "Paul," the doctrines of the Society of Friends. He who replied to by "Amicus," and a controversy commenced, which was continued for nearly two years with considerable talent, and toward the conclusion with some warmth and personalities." "Paul accused the Friends of entertaining *Unitarian* views, and Amicus in return, attacked what *he considered* the absurdities of the Trinitarian doctrine."

I quote these passages to show the *Trinitarian character* of my opponent, and that he has identified himself and his party, with the bitterest adversaries of our primitive Friends.

"Amicus attacked what *he considered* the *absurdities* of the Trinitarian scheme," but which Melancthon, of course, considers no absurdities! For, says he, "Amicus displayed much ingenuity in the conduct of his argument, but he by no means exhibited *a correct view* of the *doctrines* of the Society to which he belonged." That my opponent should think so is no cause of wonder, for Amicus attacked the doctrines which Melancthon now defends.

William Craig Brownlee, a writer who has great skill in polemical divinity, and is much better versed in theological matters than Melancthon or his party generally, thus speaks of the work of Amicus. "It is the fullest disclosure which we have in modern times of the Society—it is a full length portrait of the genuine Quakerism of the *old school*." "If the Society adhere to Fox, and Penn, and Barclay—if, in fact, the *modern* Friends hold to the testimony of their *ancient elders*, they must acknowledge the doctrines of Amicus as their orthodox doctrines. To blame these would be to blame the inspirations of Fox and Penn—to condemn these would be to condemn all the Friends of the *first commencement*. None therefore in their last annual meeting [1825] blamed Amicus, but those (better informed men I readily admit them to be) who are *receding from genuine Quakerism, and are approaching the reformed churches*."

No higher praise could have been bestowed on Amicus than such a testimony from a learned and skilful adversary. It was designed as a *reproach*, and the writer justly thought it would give pleasure to the confirmed enemies, as well as to the "better informed men" of our own Society, "who are receding from genuine Quakerism, and approaching the reformed churches." And it is a remarkable fact, that Brownlee and these *receders* unite, in charging Friends with denying the "proper divinity of Christ"—rejecting his vicarious sufferings, an outward atonement, unlicensing the Scriptures, and finally with embracing the doctrines of deism!

Every one who is acquainted with the controversies between our writers and their adversaries, must know that these are precisely the charges which were brought against our primitive friends! William Penn was charged with "socinianism and deism. Isaac Pennington is called a "Unitarian, and on his theory of the scriptures is said to be deistical. George Whitehead is accused with having put forth his virulence against the divinity of Christ, his personality, and atonement. Francis Howgel is called a fanatic and mystic—and every one who is acquainted with the Keithian controversy, must know that George Keith, the famous apostate from the doctrines of our primitive friends, held the very opinions of Melancthon and his party. He vindicated the doctrines of the Trinity, an outward Redeemer, an outward mediator, an outward satisfaction, an outward atonement, an outward rule of faith, and, in fine, an outward religion. I do not make this statement lightly, I am possessed of official evidence to prove my assertions.

Melancthon is evidently one of those "better informed men who are receding from genuine Quakerism, and are approaching the reformed churches!" He opposes "the doctrines of Amicus as their orthodox doctrines"—he condemns them, and in so doing, condemns all the Friends of the first convincement! PENN.

THE PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

Lord Goderich, late Sir Frederick Robinson, and the present Premier of England is said not to exceed 44 years of age. He is a younger brother of Lord Grantham, Baron of Grantham, in the county of Lincoln. The founder of his family, was Wm. Robinson, an eminent Hamburg merchant, who was Lord Mayor of the city of York, in the years 1581 and 1594. His son Metcalf Robinson, was created a Baronet in 1660. It was the grandfather of Lord Goderich, who was first created a Peer, 1761. He was first employed in a diplomatic capacity under Horace Walpole, at the Court of France, in 1723. He rose to higher stations, and was in office until 1770, when he died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Lord Grantham. This nobleman was also a diplomatist, having been Secretary of the Embassy to the Congress of Augsburgh, in 1761, and Ambassador to the Court of Madrid in 1771. In 1779 he was nominated First Lord of Trade and Plantations; in 1783, he concluded the preliminaries of the ever memorable Treaty of Peace with France. His Lordship married in 1780, Mary Jemima, daughter of Phillip, the second Earl of Hardwicke, and sister and heiress presumptive of Amabel, Countess de Grey, by whom he left two sons—Thomas Phillip, the present Lord Grantham, and Frederick John Robinson, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was raised to the Peerage by the style and title of Viscount Goderich, and succeeded Earl Bathurst as principal Secretary of State for the War and Colonial Department; since which, upon the demise of Mr. Canning, he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister of England, having taking precedence in the Peerage, of his eldest brother, the present Lord Grantham.

SOUTH AMERICAN TIGERS.

The shores of the Magdelena are in some places much infested by the South American tigers. These animals are sometimes large, and are fierce and dangerous; but the Indians have a mode of killing them, in which they are very expert, and which affords a test of their boldness and self possession. An English naturalist on board the Bolivar, expressed a wish to obtain the head of one of these savage animals, and an Indian offered to gratify him for the small reward of a dollar. So taking a piece of spoiled beef in a bag, a short lance in his hand, and with his long knife stuck at his side, he jumped into the water and swam to the shore.—After penetrating a little way into the forest, he made a fire on the ground and began to roast the meat, by the smell of which a large tiger was soon attracted, and, on approaching the place, crawled slowly towards him on his belly, like a cat watching a mouse. These things were observed from a safe distance by some of the passengers, who were still more astonished at the sequel. The Indian was seated by the fire, as the tiger moved slowly on, with the bag laid over the roasting meat, his knife at his side, and the sharp lance, about three feet long, in his hand, with its butt on the ground, by his foot, and the point raised to a slanting position towards the animal. When within springing distance, he snatched away the bag; and the tiger, as if fearing he was removing the meat, couched and sprang directly towards him. With the greatest coolness, however, the Indian received him on the point of his spear, which penetrated his chest, and past through his back; and, then, with a dexterous management of the weapon threw him over his back, and drawing his long keen knife, instantly cut off his head!

SLANDER—AN EXTRACT.

"Of all slanders, that which is aimed at the destruction of the spotless reputation of a defenceless female, is, incontrovertibly the most execrable, hateful, inhuman, and unmanly! He who could wilfully attack the pure vestal with the foul, contaminating breath of scandal, can be animated with nothing less than the spirit of a demon of the darkest cast. They are the silken cords which attach us to life; their society alone renders this world tolerable. Deprive us of that, and the world becomes a barren, a dark, dreary waste, and every excitement to deeds of valor, of honor, and of chivalry, become extinguished at once, and we wander about in the dark, without any guide or leading principles. Where then, would be our statesmen, our warriors, and indeed, even society? Sunk—sunk—sunk, into a state of inaction and primeval chaos! The fair have a natural claim upon us for protection; they confidently expect it from us;—they should not be disappointed. Go with the slandered female to her closet, ye defaming vipers; view her agony in secret; see her wring her hands and tear her locks with the frenzy of a despairing victim; observe the large tears of anguish quickly coursing each other down her emaciated cheeks, while her eyes are cast up in agony inexpressible, calling upon her God for that protection which she vainly expected to receive from her fellow beings. Pale as a monumental marble, frantic and almost breathless, she utters her complaints with the convulsive shudder of a broken heart; she wastes away amid the dark horrors of despair. I say, view these things, and if you have the least particle of humanity in your disposition, I would emphatically say to you in words the of a celebrated author, Go mend! Go mend!

TOOTH ACHE.

A remedy for this most painful affection, which has succeeded in 95 out of 100 cases, is alum reduced to impalpable powder 2 drachms, nitrous spirit of ether 7 drachms, mixed and applied to the tooth.

At a recent meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake stated that the extraction of the tooth was no longer necessary, as he was enabled to cure the most desperate case of tooth-ache unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of this remedy.

NEW-YORK CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Jacob Barker like a good oyster? Do ye give it up? Because he is a York Barker.

Why is a child that has a cold, like winter? Do ye give it up? Because it blows, it snows.

Why are the Signiorina's notes like Bills on England? Do ye give it up? Because they are above par.

Why is a dog with his tail in his mouth, like an economist? Do ye give it up? Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a man and wife like the states of America? Do ye give it up? Because they are united.

A Professor lecturing upon *heat*, observed, that one of its most conspicuous properties was the power of expanding all bodies.—A humorous student arose from his seat, and asked—"Is that the reason why the days in warm weather are longer than those in cold?"

THE EVENING POST.

OFFICE No. 108 CHESNUT STREET.

$2 PER ANNUM—*in advance*.

All subscriptions if not paid within the year, will be charged $3—and $1 25 for six months

LITERARY.

Mr. Carter's Travels will be published in the course of a few days.

Mr. Bliss of New York, is about to publish a Christmas present entitled *The Talisman*. It is said to be emphatically a New York work, as the artists and contributors all belong to that city.

The third number of the Spirit of Contemporary Poetry, has just been published at Boston. It contains selections from the poems of Barry Cornwall.

Mr. Flint the well known editor of the Western Monthly Review, proposes to publish a Geography and history of the western states, in two large 8vo. volumes. The first volume is expected to be put to press by the 1st of September next.

The editor of the New York Times relinquishes the hope of recommencing that Journal.

——"AND THRICE IT SLEW."

Mr. Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, well known for his standing at the bar, has met with a melancholy mortality in his family. On the 28th Aug. he returned from New Jersey, after paying the last respect to the memory of a promising nephew. Three days after, he was distressed by the death of his venerable mother; the relict of Francis Hopkinson, the celebrated politician and author, the contemporary and friend of Rush, Rittenhouse and Franklin.—The last blow, however, upon Mr. Hopkinson, came with a more unexpected force than the two preceding. Within a few days past the distressing tidings has reached him of the death of his son Alexander H. Hopkinson, 2nd Lieutenant of the U. S. ship Lexington, who expired on board, off Milo in the Grecian Archipelago, on the 11th August. The captain of the Lexington, in communicating the melancholy intelligence to his bereaved family, offers a grateful tribute to the memory of the lamented dead. "At the moment of his decease (he adds) we were so fortunate as to be off Milo, where he was interred with all the honors due to his rank, in the Greek church-yard, along side a distinguished French officer who was buried there some short time since. It may not be improper to add, that the officers of the Java frigate, united with us in paying the last sad rites to his remains."

The new Catholic Chapel at Harrisburg, under the pastoral care of the Reverend Mr. Curran, will be consecrated to the service of Almighty God, on Sunday next, the 21st instant, by the right Reverend Henry Conwell, D. D. bishop of Pennsylvania, and an appropriate discourse will be delivered by the Reverend Dr. Hurley, of Philadelphia.

NORFOLK, Oct. 16.—The U. S. ship John Adams, Lt. Com. E. R. Shubrick, from Tarpe Point, (Navy Yard, Pensacola,) 19 days, anchored between the Forts this morning. We are happy to state that the officers and crew generally are in perfect health.

The U. S. ship Natchez, Capt. Budd, had arrived from a cruise on the S. side of Cuba, about 10 days before the John Adams sailed. The U. S. ship Hornet, Capt. Claxton, and schr. Grampus, Lt. Com Lattimer, were hourly expected at Pensacola, from a cruise. The latter has been absent since the 12th June.

Commodore Porter's Squadron, consisting of the frigate Liberty; Brig Hornet, and one other brig, sailed from Pensacola about 8 or 10 days before the John Adams on a cruize. The commodore was on board the Liberty, and was in excellent health.

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Thomson & Alexander—

The following certificate was furnished me by the lady whose signature is attached to it, in consequence of being radically relieved from a severe and distressing complaint.—I send it to you for publication, in hopes, by its publicity, to direct those similarly afflicted, to where they may obtain like advantage. It is now about one year since the above cure has been effected.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

J. H. GARTLEY.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1827.

This is to certify, that I was afflicted with an inveterate tetter on the face and hands.—I have been cured by using *Parker's Vegetable Renovating Panacea*; and have had no intimation of any return of the complaint, but am now in perfect health. The complaint was about seven years standing, and the above named medicine has performed a perfect cure, after using other remedies without effect. Signed,

ELIZABETH BICKHAM.

471, North Third Street, near Poplar Lane.

MINUTES

Taken at the several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1827. New York, published by N. Bangs and J. Emory; octavo, pp. 72.—Price 18 3-4 cents.

This work, which has just issued from the Conference Office, contains a full and complete view of the present prosperous state of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It embraces the names of the Bishops, Elders, Deacons, and candidates for orders; designating those who have been received on trial, during the year; those who remain on trial; who are admitted into full connection; who are the deacons; who have been elected and ordained elders; who have located; who are the supernumerary preachers! who are the superannuated or worn out preachers; who have been expelled; who have withdrawn from the connection; and who have died, with short obituary notices. It gives the names of all the districts, circuits and stations, together with the number of members in each, and the appointments of the several preachers; with an alphabetical list of the preachers' names, showing to what circuits, stations and conferences they severally belong. It shows that there are seventeen annual conferences, divided into eighty-five districts, embracing eight hundred and fifty-nine circuits and stations—that there are fifteen hundred and seventy-six travelling preachers; one hundred and eleven of whom are superannuated; and that there are three hundred and eighty-one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven church members; being a nett increase, since the last year, of twenty-one thousand, one hundred and ninety seven! It also contains the following table, presenting at one view the number of members and preachers in each conference:—

CONFERENCES.	Whites.	Col.	Inds.	Total.	T. Pre.
Pittsburg,	20870	206		20455	82
Ohio,	29356	108		30048	90
Kentucky,	17680	2812		20493	100
Illinois,	24147	193		14374	52
Missouri,	3000	386		3393	20
Holstein,	13847	1021		17407	84
Tennessee,	33607	3073		37 84	74
Mississippi,	8773	3794		11497	81
South Carolina,	29419	16215		43974	109
Virginia,	24091	8 67		31368	73
Baltimore,	78513	9367		86620	97
Philadelphia,	30784	8043		31827	147
New York,	29382	371		30232	158
New England,	17786	248		18035	101
Maine,	5210	6		6214	61
Genesee,	3073	130	1	30346	136
Canada,	8051	12	122	8183	30
					1465
	Superannuated.				111
Total,	327532	33343	823	351697	1576
Total last year				330800	1466
Increase this year,				21197	110

LIEUT. WASHINGTON.

The death of this person at Napoli, our readers will recollect, was mentioned last week in our columns. A letter from an American officer, who had just returned from *Napoli to Smyrna*, to the editor of the *Middletown* Sentinel, gives the following account of the death of this strangely eccentric and unhappy young man.

"Mr. Washington, who arrived at Napoli from France, since we left there, was mortally wounded by a shot from the Pallimedos, (the castle) while defending a battery, the command of which had been assigned him by the Trippensily. He was taken on board the Asia, and died soon after. The shot which struck him, took off his right hand, and carried away part of his hip bone. He was asked by the officers of the Asia, a short time before his death if he had any message or legacy he wished to leave; he replied in a few moments he had one—*his curses upon his country!*

The name he bore is the common property of every American; it is by them beloved and honoured: who could have been disgraced by a death bed curse, upon that country which gave it birth, and under such circumstances, among strangers, and on board an English man of war."

GEN. LAFAYETTE.

At the burial of the Deputy Manuel, which caused so much excitement lately in Paris, after M. Laffitte had addressed the multitude, it appears that General Lafayette advancing to the edge of the grave, thus addressed the immense assemblage, in a voice solemn and full of feeling. We translate the remarks from the printed process verbal of the ceremony, which we received by the last packet, and of which by the bye the sale had been obstructed in Paris.—*N. Y. Amer.*

"You have just heard the touching and patriotic accents of public grief and private friendship.—Penetrated with the same sentiments, it is with the deepest emotion that I approach this tomb, about to close on the eloquent defender of the national liberties. Around me are those monuments, so intimately associated in every heart with great misfortunes, noble recollections, sublime talent, and illustrious victims. Here, on this spot, sleep two honourable friends and colleagues—the brave and generous *Foy*, equally brilliant in political debate and the field of battle—the genuine model of French honour—and the frank and courageous *Gerardin*, who in the Chamber of Deputies pointed out the violations of the Royal Charter, as in 1792 he defended the constitutional laws, which the sovereignty of the French people had enacted. We saw these three, leading one another in the discussions of the Chambee, a mutual, patriotic, a disinterested support. History will preserve the recollections of the life of Manuel. When even a boy, in the wonderful campaigns of the republican army of Italy, he linked himself inseperably with the surpassing glory of the tricoloured flag. When later, in the crisis of the Hundred Days, in the Chamber of Representatives, he won rapidly admiration, esteem, and the general confidence.

When at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies he delivered those speeches now engraven in the memory and heart of every patriot.—But let me dwell a moment on that 4th of March, when the most flagrant injustice that ever consigned to insignificance a deliberative assembly, was visited on him.—When we saw him so firm, so calm, so faithful to his trust—a day not less honourable for the National Guard of Paris—That fortunate establishment of '89, always devoted to the cause of liberty, equality, and public order—whose remarkable services, interrupted at three signal periods, are a sure guarantee of its future revival, and a perfect return to the principles of its primitive organization. You have been told, and every friend of Manuel will confirm the declaration, that from the day of his retirement, to the last day of his existence, he desired, hoped, and longed for the liberty of his country.

"As for us citizens, here, among the tombs of the faithful servants of the people, we have only to strengthen more and more our respect for, and devotion to imprescriptible rights—to regard them as the objects of our most fervent and virtuous aspirations—the most important of our interests, and the most sacred of our duties."

A check with the forged signature of Messrs. G. G. & S. Howland, for the sum of $7760, was presented at the Union Bank, New-York, on Monday, and paid without hesitation, the forgery being remarkably well executed.—Payment was made in part with a bill for 5000 dollars, which was afterwards changed for smaller bills in the U. S. Branch Bank, and some of these were again changed at other Banks. The person who committed this daring act, as yet has eluded detection.

A melancholy accident happened last Saturday in the Borough of West Chester, Penn. Two lads were playing ball, when one of them in the ardour of the play, making a blow at the ball, hit his fellow under the ear, who fell senseless—and although medical aid was called in, all efforts to save him were vain. The name of the deceased lad was Pfaff, and recently from Philadelphia.

FIREMEN'S CELEBRATION.

The members attached to the different Fire Companies in the City of New York, with their engines and other implements, assembled in the Park on Monday at 1 o'clock, P. M. agreeable to previous arrangements. At 2 o'clock, in Honour the Mayor, attended by the members of the Common Council, reviewed them. The whole then proceeded to the Battery, and after performing the duties assigned them, returned to their place of meeting and dispersed.

An unusual number of bears are this season in the neighborhood of the Hoosac Mountain, Massachusetts. The Berkshire American states that five were killed on Sunday and Monday of last week, and that something like a dozen had been killed in the neighborhood of Berkshire, within a month.

Some time since an account was published in this paper of the killing of a young man, by Henry Shulze, the founder of the town of Hamburg, S. C. He and his associate, Alexander Boyd, have been tried, and found guilty of manslaughter. The character of Mr. Shulze has been established for twenty years past by acts of charity, humanity and benevolence. The present unhappy occurrence was occasioned by too severe a punishment, bestowed upon a young man who had stolen a trunk from behind a gig in which two ladies were travelling, in order to compel him to disclose where he had concealed it.

The bones of the non-descript animal lately found in a swamp near New Orleans, have been exhibited at Lancaster, (Ohio) One jaw bone is described as being twenty feet in length, three in breadth, and weighs upwards of twelve hundred pounds. The animal is supposed to have been 175 feet in length and of the proper proportions. The proprietors intend visiting the eastern cities.

The Baltimore papers of Saturday last, were issued with the deepest badges of mourning, in consequence of the death of Colonel JOHN EAGER HOWARD. He died on Friday evening, at half past eight o'clock. "The name of this gallant officer and public spirited citizen," says the Patriot, "is so identified with the history of our Revolution, and the prosperity of our city, that so long as the well earned fame of the old Maryland line shall endure, or a vestige of our metropolis remain, the character of the hero of the Cowpens and Eutaw, will be cherished with fond remembrance."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The house of Thomas Dobecq & Co. of Bordeaux has failed. The house had committed forgeries to a considerable extent.

The vines in the country round Cognac has been entirely destroyed by a storm.

The town of Tokat, in Asia Minor, has been destroyed by an earthquake.

The plague is making great ravages in Syrya. At Alleppo and Damas, 1000 persons die daily.

A pamphlet on the obsequies of M. Manuel, had been seized in the hands of the booksellers.

It was stated at Frankfort that the Messrs. Rothschild will all meet there in the course of September; then the two brothers, settled at Frankfort and Vienna, will retire from business; the son of the latter will take the house at Frankfort—that at Vienna will cease.

According to accounts from Bavaria the digging of a canal to form a communication between the Danube and the Rhine will commence next year, and it is affirmed that the Bavarian army will be employed in the work in the same manner as the Roman legions were employed in time of peace.

A school mistress and twelve girls were poisoned at Marseilles, by drinking goat's milk. The medical men attribute it to the hemlock which goats sometimes eat.

Last week Mr. M'Adam, the celebrated road maker, in attempting to escape from a phaeton, the horses of which had taken fright, fractured and dislocated one of his ankle joints, and in the fall also received a severe contusion on the head. He now lies in a doubtful state.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, class No. 8, for 1827, took place yesterday. The following are the drawn numbers.

35 31 25 18 52 49 6 23.

Among the professors appointed in the London university, is Mr. Patterson, late professor of Anatomy and surgery in the University of Maryland, United States.

Joseph Watson, Esq. was on Tuesday unanimously re-elected Mayor of this city, by a joint ballot of the Select and common Councils. Nathan R. Potts, Esq. was elected Clerk of the Common Council.

Three lads about 12 or 14 years old, of most respectable parents, have been sentenced to the state prison, in Boston, for breaking into a dwelling house and stealing silver ware.

We have been told, says the Springfield (Mass.) Journal, that a Shaker village in this vicinity receives between $12,000 and $13,000 annually for garden seeds.

The Lawrenceburg, Indiana, paper, states that the country is overrun with black and grey squirrels, proceeding south and crossing the Ohio river in multitudes; many were killed with clubs and stones thrown among them.

John Randall, Esq. and the party engaged under him in exploring the North Branch of the Susquehanna River, reached Wilkesbarre, on their way down, on Saturday evening last. On the arrival of the boat, a salute of 13 guns was fired in honor of the anticipated Canal.

The President of the United States arrived in Baltimore on Sunday. He attended the Presbyterian Church in the morning, and the Cathedral in the afternoon. On Monday, he attended the funeral of Col. Howard, and in the evening received the visits of citizens.

The disease called Varioloid, a modification of Small-Pox, exists in several towns in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, and four persons have died of it.

About the beginning of the present month, Mrs. Slack, the wife of Mr. Jacob Slack, residing near Zanesville, (Ohio) in a fit of insanity killed three of her own children, by cutting their throats with a razor, and afterwards cut her own. Whether the unhappy woman will recover or not was doubtful.

The Secretary of the Navy returned to the seat of Goverment on Sunday evening, from his visit to New Jersey.

The Board of Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, on the 16th inst unanimously re-elected Daniel Groves, Esq. as President for the ensuing year.

A late Quebec paper says: "James Robert Reid, an American, was on Monday last committed to goal, accused of attempting to bribe three private soldiers of the 71st regiment, to desert to the United States."

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has an income of about 5000 dollars a year, and employs its missionaries chiefly among the different tribes of Indians.

A considerable breach occurred in the embankment of the Schuylkill canal, above Reading on Wednesday week owing probably, to the late heavy rain. It, however, is probably repaired by this time.

The eulogium pronounced by Horace Binney, Esq. on the late Chief Justice Tilghman, at the University of Pennsylvania, on Saturday, was listened to, by a crowded and highly respectable audience, with profound attention and great pleasure.

The Charleston papers announce as in the press, "The Fugitive Writings of the late William Crafts, with a Memoir of the Author, by a Friend." It is published by subscription, and the profits will be for the benefit of the family of the deceased.

The election for governor of the state of Georgia has just taken place. John Forsyth, Esq. is elected to that office, without serious opposition; the opposing candidate, Mr. Talbot, having died just before the election.

It is stated that there are ten thousand tons of Copperas manufactured per annum in Stratford, Vermont. The works are owned by a company in this town, and much of the copperas is transported to this place by land.

An extensive bed of Magnanese, of the purest kind, has been discovered in Chittenden County, Vt. About fifty tons have already been dug. It is said to be worth $50 per ton.

Henry Schultz, in a note, dated in Edgefield Jail, S. C. announces the death of Mr. John M. Tillman, in Florida. He says they exchanged promises, that the longest liver should pay the debts of the other, and that he will, accordingly, discharge any demands against Tillman's estate.

One of the committees at Pawtuxet say, "Mr. William Hamlin, of Providence, R. I. presented a Telescope, manufactured by him, of great magnifying powers, and presumed to be the most perfect and valuable Telescope ever manufactured in the United States, for which they have awarded a premium of $20.

By the brig Golden Grove, from New-Orleans, we learn (says the N. Y. Gazette,) that a heavy cannonading, of from 4 to 500 guns, had, a short time previous to her departure, been heard off Mobile. It was supposed that the Mexican and Spanish squadrons had met at that place, and engaged in combat. No further particulars had been received.

The great Cattle Show and Exhibition of the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania took place on Thursday and Friday of last week. These exhibitions have had the effect of stimulating the exertions and enlivening the practice of the Pennsylvania farmers. John Hare Powell, Esq. one of the most active members of the Society, has probably done more towards improving the breed of cattle, than any other man in the country. His beautiful farm on the Schuylkill presents those fine Durham short horn cattle which are exhibited at the cattle shows. For some of these which he has imported, he has given as much as six or eight hundred dollars; and his calves from this breed are so fine, that they sometimes command $200 a piece.

It is stated that at Stockport, Wayne county, N. Y. a disease prevails, chiefly amongst children from 12 to 15 years of age, resembling dysentery, which generally terminates in a mortification of the bowels, and proves fatal in twelve or fourteen days; and that the physicians of the neighbourhood were totally at a loss how to treat it. A disorder very similar to that said to be raging at Stockport, was, a month or two since, very prevalent in Indiana county, and some other places in this state.

Voyage of Columbus.—Messrs. Wait & Son, of Boston, have just published a translation of the "Personal Narrative of the first voyage of Columbus in America, from a manuscript lately discovered in Spain. It will be recollected that soon after the publication of the original of the work in Spain, the North American Review furnished a copious account of its contents, and of the manner in which it had been discovered; and its authenticity was settled beyond dispute.

The New London Gazette contains a letter from Mr. William R. Lee, who went to Napoli in the Six Brothers, to his father in New London. It is dated at Paros, in July, and contains the following passage, besides other particulars not now new:—"You must know that the Greek Government is at Aegina, and these quarrels originate among those who profess to administer the civil and military laws. In some, their motives are patriotic, in others avarice and ambition strongly tinctured with jealousy, seem to mark their career. While these intestine divisions are weakening their physical strength, the aged infirm men, women and children are literally starving, and suffering every privation which nature can endure. Were it not for figs and Snails, and such mud eaters, as would give horror to the meanest object, to shelter himself in death would interpose a general relief. Thousands have not the semblance of a domicil, but live under trees, and barely clothing enough to cover their nakedness. It is computed that about 10,000 souls live in this way at Napoli, 8000 at Poros, and as many more at Aegina, besides those who live in cities once the most splendid in the civilized world."

Small Pox.—According to the last account from London, the "Small Pox raged in that city." What has become of vaccination? It must have been neglected, or the genuine virus been lost, for it is effectual where in use in this country. It is that which keeps the Small Pox comparatively down in Philadelphia and New-York, though it has existed in those places for two years, now and then making a victim. The authorities, every where, should take care that the grand preventive of one of the most dreadful diseases is not impaired by decline, and that the enemy shall have no opportunity of taking any community by surprise and in an unprepared state.

In the winter of 1819-20, two gentlemen came from Lord Selkirk's establishment on the Red River, to Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, a distance of several hundred miles, each drawn in a train by two or three dogs. The party returned to Red River in the spring in boats, and most of the dogs were consequently left behind. As soon as they saw that they were abandoned by their old masters, each dog selected a house in the village, and by an obstinate maintenance of his post, and a faithful guardianship of the premises, compelled the occupant to adopt him as a part of the establishment.

The two gold medals of the Royal Society of Literature for the present year, were adjudged to Sir Walter Scott "for the illustrations of the Manners, Antiquities and History of Scotland, in many works of pre-eminent genius both in prose and verse, particularly the Lady of the Lake and Waverly;" and to Dr. Southey, "Author of the History of Brazil, and of several other distinguished works in English literature."

LONDON FASHIONS.

(From Le Belle Assemblee.)

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of canary-yellow gros de Naples, with three very broad distinct bias folds on the border of the skirt. Sleeves a la Marie, with antique points at the wrists, and an enamelled bracelet of white and gold next the hand. Fichu-pelerine of fine India muslin, with long rounded ends; the pelerine finished all around by Spanish point, edged with fine braiding, and surm

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An essay from "J. C. jr." entitled "Intoxication"—Stanzas, "Sylvan"—"An attempt at Imitation," by "P. S."—a well written essay from "Carlos"—besides a number of other articles which it would be useless for us to set down, have been received.

"The Lay of the Mariner," a beautiful poem, by a lady to whom we have been before indebted, shall be inserted in our next.

We are obliged to "Explicator" for a solution to the Logograph published last week.

We regret that any ambiguity in our remarks to our highly esteemed correspondent "Ranestine" should have occurred—the lady has contributed largely to our columns, of which we are duly sensible—we intended to be understood to say "that our leisure did not permit us to examine all the articles that are received, and therefore we could not scrutinize into their merits."

It will be seen that Mr. Cooper, who is about leaving this country for Europe, is engaged at the Walnut Street Theatre, and makes his appearance on Monday evening, in a favourite character.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

Some months since we called attention to a discourse delivered at the Franklin Institute Hall, by the Rev. M. M. Carll, with reference to the establishment of an Infant School in this city. Since that time the seed which was with so much ability, zeal and hope, planted by that friend of youth, has sprung up and brought forth "an hundred fold."

Several highly respectable and most philanthropic females, took the hint from Mr. Carll's address, and with that patience and perseverance which, in the pursuit of good for others, characterize their sex, they procured a respectable subscription towards effecting their object, enlisted the active services of a few gentlemen, and two weeks since opened their school in Chester street with *fifty* scholars, and in four days found the number augmented to one hundred; and it is probable that, by this time, the limits of the school is arrived at, viz: *one hundred and fifty children under six years of age.*

It is understood that any parents may send their children to this school by paying a few cents weekly—the object in fixing any price, and in fixing it thus low, is to avoid, as far as may be, the excitement of feelings of dependence; it saves those sensations to which every person, rich or poor, is liable; to pay for what is received, and that the act may not be burthensome, the sum is fixed at a rate within the command of every person in health—but it is not rendered necessary, to the continuance of the child in the school, if any misfortune should render the payment of even that small sum a burthen.

It must be evident to every person of reflection, that a school of the size of *one hundred and fifty scholars* is not sufficient for the accommodation of a city of *one hundred and fifty thousand* inhabitants; and it is to be remarked, that the little objects of the present charity are most abundant—children of that age being more numerous among the poor than the rich, they constitute, according to the old proverb, "the poor man's blessing;" and under the salutary provisions of these infant schools, they may indeed become so. May we not hope then that the excellent work thus begun will be prosecuted with a vigour and success corresponding with other charities that distinguish our city. If ours cannot be the emporium of commerce, nor the emporium of literature, at least we will make it the emporium of charity, benevolence, and useful institutions of the western world.

MUSIC.

In a short time the season will arrive in which the musical societies of our city will commence their public concerts—lovers of their art, as we are, we cannot suffer the occasion to pass without indulging in the expression of a belief, that the approaching season will be one of much greater musical interest to our citizens than has ever before been experienced—many circumstances conspire to confirm this belief. The progress which our amateurs and professors have made in their science, by much practice and great study, will enable them to execute with new facilities and great beauties; the taste of the public also has been proportionally improved.—Since the last public exhibitions of our musical societies, our city has been unusually thronged with singers—we have been favoured with specimens of the finest execution of the most celebrated pieces—Mrs. Knight has warbled her enchanting notes—the Signorina has held the listening ears in rapture with her extraordinary powers of melody—we have richly shared in the ordinary displays of music, and the present visit of the French company of comedians will be found to operate in a most signal manner upon the musical taste of our citizens. A large portion of the audience, who attend their truly interesting exhibitions, are attracted and detained night after night by the excellence of the orchestra, and the full effective powers of the choruses. It is the nature of a musical appetite to "grow by what it feeds on," and hence we find at the Chesnut street theatre, no diminution of company, although it must be evident that our city does not contain so large a proportion of inhabitants who understand the French language, as the audience at the theatre would seem to indicate. It is to the power of music that the manager is indebted for his success, a success that he lacked in New-York, and which he would look for in vain in any city, north of New-Orleans, except our own. In addition to these causes for new musical curiosity and patronage, may be added the auxiliaries that have lately arrived in our city from Europe, as a part of the Chesnut street theatre orchestra, for the ensuing season; their talents will go to the great aggregate of our city's credit, and their performance will tend to meliorate general taste and excite public curiosity, so that without attempting at this time any general remarks upon music, its character and influence upon society, we may, without danger of misleading, venture to promise, to the citizens of Philadelphia, unusual musical attractions for the approaching season; and to the musicians new taste in the audience to appreciate and reward musical excellence.

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On Monday last, agreeably to previous notice, the first No. of the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine made its appearance. This work is edited by Dr. Snowden, its proprietor. It is got up in the best style of typography, and printed on good paper. The contents of the first number are sufficiently diversified, and partake of those qualities which usually recommend works of that description. We hope the gentleman who has thus cast his bread upon the waters, will, before many days, find it returned to him many fold. We bid him welcome to the ranks of Philadelphia literature, and say to him, as to all those whose aim is to elevate the standard of taste, correct defects, and cultivate refinement—God speed.

From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

I come—my breath is on the blast!
A wreath of clouds is o'er me;
And the loveliest flowers of earth, as I past,
Have wither'd and shrunk before me.
I have found the earth in its richest bloom,
I come to gather its pride to the tomb;
I have found it all with joy elate,
I come to make it desolate.

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay,
The sheen of the river is bright as the spring;
I will blow those rustling leaves away,
I will stop the streamlet's murmuring:
I will strip of its robe the towering oak,
Its root shall be torn, and its limbs be broke;
I will howl through the waste, and the wild beasts there
At the sound of my voice shall shrink to their lair.

The eagle shall close her soaring wing,
And seek her nest on the cyric high;
And every songster cease to sing,
At the sound of my ominous rushing by!
I will bow to the dust the gayest flowers,
And strip of their pride the tallest bowers;
I will clothe the earth in white as I come—
The winding-sheet of her wintry tomb! S. G. F.

THE PRESIDENT.

The arrival and departure of the President of the United States, which took place on Friday and Saturday of last week, was a circumstance worthy especial notice; not from the *eclat* that attended the event, but from the fact that the chief magistrate of a great nation passes from city to city, from state to state, and no cannon's sound, no ear piercing fife, no spirit stirring drum, no procession, no pomp and circumstance of exalted station, "proclaim his where about."

While in the city, a great number of his constituents seized the occasion to pay him their respects, without *form*, and with no more ceromony than would be observed in calling on any individual of respectability; they were received with that cordiality and respectful attention which might be expected by one gentleman from another; in departing, he was heartily cheered from the wharf. This is a part of the excellence of our public institutions. The people elect one from among themselves to administer their affairs; they clothe him with authority, and place in his hand *their* rules for *his* conduct, and bid *him* serve *them* faithfully—he feels that he is taken from the people, and unto the people he must return—and that whatever may be his ephemeral power, he is at most but *primus inter pares*, "the first among his equals"—long may it continue so; nor are we in danger of an unhappy change, if the people will regard themselves and their own rights; no tyrant has dared, nor will ever dare to seize the reins of power, till those to whom it belongs throws them loose from their own hands—liberty is like the vestal fire, it must not only be called into being, but it must be carefully and constantly watched.

COMMUNICATION.

ABRIDGEMENT OF SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

This work has just issued from the press, and is calculated to gratify a large portion of the reading public of the United States. The *political matter* embraced in the large edition can afford but little interest to the mass of Americans, and the history of the *French Revolution* is far less replete with details than several established works on that subject: we therefore think they have been judiciously omitted in this edition. Napoleon's successes were almost exclusively attributable to his extraordinary military talents, directed by great scientific skill in his profession; hence the editor of the *Abridgment* has studiously retained, almost word for word in the language of the original, the descriptions of the various campaigns, battles, sieges, marches, counter-marches, stratagems, &c. &c. which have given such celebrity to the career of the late French Emperor: and perhaps there is no other work in our language which contains, in the same number of pages, so many *practical* details of the art of war, at the same time that Napoleon's private history, and that of France under his reign, are amply delineated. The abridgment is accompanied by a handsomely engraved likeness of Napoleon, and a *fac simile* of his signature. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MEDICAL NOTICE,

On Indigestion, Bloody Flux, and Consumption.

An Enquirer, in your last Post, asks advice about Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, and the causes of it. This disease is often incurable, because the patient seldom applies for medical aid before the vital powers of the stomach are nearly destroyed. But it is one of the easiest diseases to cure and prevent when timely attended to.

The never failing sources of Indigestion, in our cities, are the gross food, raw or rare meat, oily fat, salt pork, corned beef, highly seasoned food, cayenne pepper, raw cucumbers, &c. daily eaten; but, above all, the use of alcohol or spirits as a common drink, under the names of brandy, rum, whiskey, port and madeira; besides the use of tobacco and strong tea. The gross food loads the stomach, and impairs, gradually, its powers: while the liquors destroy them, by corrugating the coat of the stomach, and both produce, after a while, a disordered dyspeptic habit, which is incurable: since how can the coat of the stomach be restored to healthy action, when it is burnt, as it were, by the continual action of the alcohol.

If men or women would be temperate, eat wholesome food, fresh meat well stewed, soups and vegetables—avoid high seasoning, and strong tea; but above all forbear from the poisons called tobacco, whiskey, brandy and so forth, they would never be troubled with Dyspepsia. And when they feel the first attacks of it, they must change their food and drink, use milk and tonics, which will soon restore them to health; but if they wait too long, they are gone and nothing can avail.

Mr. Samuel Preston, of Stockport, in Wayne county, has lately asked the public advice in our papers for a Bloody Flux, fatal to children. We think we can suggest one—it is Milk, the Slippery Elm (Ulmus fulva of Botanists,) and Sweet Fern, (the Comptonia of Botanists,) besides suitable injection to prevent mortification.

Very erroneous notions prevail as yet, upon the formidable disease called Consumption; there are many kinds of it, and it is often connected with Indigestion. The papers have lately stated, that it has been mitigated by the Liverwort or Stepaticatrifolia, and also by the mere blossoms of Hawthorn! How can people be so silly! the Liverwort is only a mild tonic, and the Hawthorn only an aleptic. If a man had only the Consumption, caused by debility of the stomach, he might be helped by the Liverwort, but not radically cured. It requires much stronger combinations of substances to avail, when the lungs are affected, or in the Scrofulous tubercular Consumption. The combination of substances appears to be found in the Pulsel, taken inwardly and breathed; the effects of which will soon be laid before the public.

MEDICUS.

THE CASKET.

The patronage that has already been extended to the Casket, has not only exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but, if we mistake not, is unprecedented in the annals of monthly literature—This success has induced us to intend to give the work a more attractive form for the ensuing year, as well in its literary departments, as in its decorations and typographical arrangements. A new font of type has been procured, upon which it is to be printed; the size and number of the pages will be considerably extended and enlarged; and paper superior to that now used, will be employed in its publication: meantime, that every department may exhibit a corresponding degree of improvement, arrangements have been entered into with artists for various decorations and ornaments. The usual number of copper-plates will be found, and it is proposed to furnish each number with *two* wood engravings, instead of one, as now published. The wood engravings representing scenes, or referring to incidents familiar or interesting to most of our readers, will be accompanied by well written descriptions of events and exhibitions connected with the picture—each reflecting upon the other's interest and value.

It is our intention to render the Casket interesting to the various classes of readers to whom periodical literature generally addresses itself, we shall then feel called upon to search, with renewed attention and assiduity, for the most interesting contents of foreign magazines, while a proper inducement will be held out for native writers to contribute a portion of their labours to enrich our Casket.

These regulations can be effected without any sacrifice of that light reading, and general magazine of small paragraphs, that must enter into all literary works; inasmuch as the size of the work will be very considerably enhanced—its contents, therefore, may assume a more diversified form, and boast an increase of solid matter.

The price of the Casket will be $3-50 per annum, payable within three months after the receipt of the 1st number—but, if the subscription is paid in advance, $2 50 will be received as payment in full.

The arrangements that we have made for the publication of the Casket, warrant us in assuring its patrons, that it shall equal, in attraction, any work of the kind that has been published; while its price is scarcely half that of the most ordinary monthly publications.

The Patrons of the Casket, who intend to continue the work after the present year, will please to intimate their wishes by sending us the subscription in *advance*—the increasing expenses of the paper, printing, engravings, &c. render it absolutely necessary for us to be furnished with the means of meeting expenditures promptly.

ATKINSON & ALEXANDER,
Philadelphia.

It may be well to state, that the "Casket for 1827," will form a distinct volume, at $2 50 per annum: and, on its completion, contain thirty-six splendid engravings, with nearly 500 pages of letter-press printing, constituting one of the *cheapest* publications in the United States. A few of the numbers can be supplied to future subscribers.

Those Editors who have already politely favoured us with a notice of the work, will enhance the obligation, and entitle themselves to another copy of it by giving this a few insertions.

In the senatorial branch of the Tennessee legislature, there are nine farmers, nine lawyers, and two merchants; thirteen married men, four widowers and three bachelors; ten from Virginia seven from North Carolina, two from Tennessee, and one from South Carolina.

An application is to be made by the people of Rochester, [New York] to the Legislature, for another bank at that place with a capital of $00,000 dollars. Rochester has nearly doubled its population in the last two years.

FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES,

At a meeting of this Academy, a mechanical piano was presented for inspection, which was able to write music correctly as fast as played by a performer. A committee appointed to devise means for increasing the security of steam engines, reported that they had carried the pressure to 40 atmospheres, and hoped to be able to raise it as high as 60.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Saturday, Oct. 13.—*The Miller's Maid*, with, for the first time, *Don Giovanni in London*, Mrs. Cowell's benefit. We were pleased to see a numerous and fashionable audience. The latter piece, written by the author of Tom and Jerry, contains many like quirks and oddities, and may for a short time meet with a profitable run.

Monday, Oct. 15.—*One Hundred Pound Note*, and *Don Giovanni*. The last piece went off with more spirit than on the first night—Miss Stannard gives an interesting effect to her character. *Billy Black* in the farce has become so great a favourite, that it is more than probable it will be some time before he is allowed to "*give it up.*"

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—*Wild Oats*, and a new farce called *Mrs. Smith*. Mrs. Roper and Mr. Smith's benefit. These two valuable members of the dramatic corps deservedly rank high in the public's opinion, and it is a pleasure to know that their private department is characteristic with their public virtues, and quite as unexceptionable. What we found particularly gratifying, it being the benefit night of two favourites, there was a well filled house. If there is a propensity which we have to the world, and for which we do not hold ourselves singular, it is to feel a pleasure when modest dramatic merit receives this mark of approbation and sanction for its exertions from the lovers and supporters of the sock and buskin.

Wednesday, Oct. 17.—*My Spouse and I*, and for the first time in this city, *The Pilot, or a Tale of the Sea*. During this season, there has not been a piece of a more popular character got up, nor one which, in our opinion, will be more profitable to the Manager. The scenery, which has been painted exclusively by a young artist of Philadelphia, for the occasion, particularly a fine and aft view of the Schooner Ariel, which is brought down in front of the stage on its exhibition, received loud and repeated bursts of applause. The gentleman, also a native of our city, to whose taste and judgment we are indebted for the adaptation of this drama to the American stage, deserves our warmest thanks—the task was one of a peculiarly arduous character, and there was none better qualified than himself to fulfil it, and to satisfy the prevailing taste. The manager also deserves a continuation of the fostering encouragement which has been bestowed on his establishment for the active exertions which he is making to produce novelty.

Thursday, Oct 18—*Frightened to Death*, and *Don Giovanni*—Mr. Sefton and Mr. Grierson's benefit, a tolerable house. Great credit is due to the performers generally, in this establishment, for their uniform disposition to please, which we perceive is the governing aim, whether the house is crowded or otherwise—We do hope that our play-going citizens will not be remiss in attending the benefits—this is the kind of encouragement that is calculated to make good actors, and if well followed up, would, no doubt, be attended with beneficial results.

Friday, Oct. 19—*The Pilot, or a Tale of the Sea*,—and *Don Giovanni*.

This evening Miss *Stanard* and Mr. *Hallam* take their benefit. We have the reasonable expectation, that a numerous auditory will greet them with their smiles—they are deserving candidates, and will meet the just reward of their merits.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

In the Montezuma, Captain West, which arrived on Thursday, from Liverpool, came passenger, F. C. Wemyss, Esq. acting manager of the Philadelphia Theatre, accompanied by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mr. Southwell, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; Mrs. Southwell, servant and child; Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, and Master Mercer, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane; Mr. S. Chapman, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Mr. Hutchings, of the Theatre Royal, York; Mr. Willis, of the King's Theatre, Italian Opera House; Mr. Norton, of the King's Theatre, and professor of music of the Royal Academy; Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, of the Adelphi Theatre; Miss Emery of the Theatre Royal, Bristol; Miss Hawthorn, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, Mrs. Kerr and Miss Worgham, Mrs. Paget, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lukins, Mrs. Hayland, Mr. J. Tams, Master Chapman and Mrs. West.

This accession to the dramatic corps, will enable the Manager to open the Theatre as early as next week, with a most respectable company.

In addition to the ladies and gentlemen who accompany Mr. Wemyss, we understand that Mr. and Mrs. Sloman, Mrs Austin and Miss George, have been engaged, and will appear as stars during the season. They may be expected in the Algonquin.

The following is a statement of sums paid to various London performers, by the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatre, taken from the books of the Treasurer:

	£.	s.	d.	Dollars
Mr. George Cooke,	3,534	1	6	14,000
Mr. Kean, (1st eng't,)	2,676	5	0	10,600
Mr. Kean, (2d eng't,)	1,698	1	0	8,100
Mr. Matthews,	1,648	8	0	7,500
Mr. Philips,	1,389	6	4	5,200
Mr. Macready,	1,336	12	0	5,501
Miss L. Kelly,	1,151	12	0	5,150
Mr. Incledon,	1,000	0	0	4,450
Mr. James Wallack,	699	1	6	3,100
Mr. and Mrs. Bartley,	428	8	0	1,900
Mrs. Knight, (late Miss Povey,)	418	11	1	1,850

Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin have returned to New York city.

Hacket and Barnes are making the Bostonians unusually merry by their Dramics. Mr. Booth has gone to New Orleans. The Chatham Theatre, New York, is to be opened under the management of Mr. Maywood.

Mr. J. H. Caldwell, manager and proprietor of the American Theatre, at New Orleans, now at Nashville, Tenn. intends opening at the former place about the middle of December. He has quite an effective force engaged, viz.: Miss Placide, Mrs. Hartwig, (late Mrs. Tatnal,) Mrs Russel, Mrs. Rowe, Smith, Higgins, Johns—and Messrs. Jones, Gray, Page, Russel, Lear, McCafferty, Jackson, Anderson, Brown, &c.

The English company was to commence its performances at the Salle Favart, on the 3d of September, with Romeo and Juliet: Mr. Abbott, of Covent Garden, playing Romeo, and Miss Smithson, of Drury Lane, Juliet. Kean, Macready, Young, Charles Kemble, Liston and Matthews, were to appear there, as also Miss Foote.

THEATRE.

WALNUT STREET.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

Mr. Hallam and Miss Stanard.

THIS EVENING, October 20,

Will be performed, (first time here,) an entire new Melo Drama, the manuscript of which has been obtained at a great expense from the Royal Cobourg, where it was acted upwards of seventy successive nights entitled The

THE DUMB GIRL OF GENOA;

Or the Mountain Robber.

Justin, (Landlord of the Inn) - - Mr. Michell.
Moco, (his Nephew, and Waiter at the Inn,) - - - - - Mr. Hallam.
Stroppado, - - - - - Mr. Smith.
Juletta, (the Dumb Girl of Genoa,) - - - - - Miss Stannard.

After which a Turkish PAS DE DEUX, by Mr. and Miss Wells.

To conclude with the Melo Drama of

THE PILOT;

Or, a Tale of the Sea.

Long Tom Coffin, (Coxswain of the Ariel,) - - - - - Mr. Hallam.
Capt. Boroughcliff - - - - - Mr. Smith.
Catharine Plowden, - - - Miss Stannard.

DANCING SCHOOL,

At the Masonic Hall, Chesnut Street.

A. BONNAFFON most respectfully informs his friends and patrons, that his dancing school commenced on Monday, the 15th of October, and will continue during the season, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 3 o'clock P. M. for Young Ladies, at 5 for Young Gentlemen, and at 7 for Gentlemen. Cotillion Parties every other Friday during the season, to which scholars will have the privilege of attending without any extra charge. The Grand Officers of the Grand Ladies have very liberally contributed in connexion with A. B. to make these apartments the most splendid and desirable of any in this city, either for assemblies, concerts, dinners, or any other entertainments, and for which the above apartments will be rented, when unoccupied by A. B. A subscription book for the Cotillion parties is now opened at the Hall, where application to A. B. can be made at any time.

Y. Johnson and Band are engaged for the Cotillion parties, and every other occasion during the season. The other three days of the week will be devoted for private tuition, and to such of those Romantics as may think proper to patronize him. oct 20—tf

New Retail Store.

BENJ. M. HOLLINSHEAD has for sale, at his retail dry good store, No. 22 north Sixth street, between Market and Arch streets,—1 bale of Rose Blankets, from 9-4 to 12-4; Cloths, cassimeres and cassimets; ladies' habit cloths 54 inches; bombazets; worsted bombazeens; raw silk and other hose; 27 pairs and figured Swiss muslins; jaconet; cam tic; mull mull and book do.; jaconet and book muslin bibs; real India mull mull do.; Nainsook muslins; Cashmer, Waterloo and other shawls; black flounces and levantines; calicoes; ginghams; crape lenos; black and white crapes; satin, mantua and belt ribbons; galloons; beads; ladies' and gentlemen's super Hankin and other gloves; Cambrians; Irish linens and lawns; yellow and silk velvets; with a general assortment of Dom stic goods and a variety of Fancy Articles, all of which have been recently purchased on the best terms.

oct 20—d2t

FORTUNE'S HOME,

P. CANFIELD'S

No. 129 CHESNUT STREET.

HAS the pleasure of presenting to his friends and the public the following beautiful scheme of the Union Canal Lottery, 34th Class, which draws on the 14th day of November next:

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$10,000	50 prizes of	$100
1 do.	2,500	51 do.	70
1 do.	1,800	51 do.	60
1 do.	1,160	51 do.	50
2 do.	1,000	51 do.	40
8 do.	500	402 do.	10
4 do.	400	1530 do.	8
10 do.	300	11475 do.	4
10 do.	200		

Tickets $4, shares in proportion. Orders from a distance (enclosing the cash or prize tickets) will be promptly attended to, if addressed to

oct 20—tf P. CANFIELD,
No. 129, Chesnut street.

PRICE CURRENT.

BEANS, bushel,	$1,50 a
BEEF, Mess, bbl.	10,00 a 11,00
Prime,	8 00 a —
Cargo,	0 00 a 7
FLAX, per lb.	10 a —
FLOUR, superfine, bbl.	5 25 a —
Rye,	2,87 a 3,00
Cornmeal, bbl.	12 00 a
FLAXSEED, bushel,	95 a 1 —
GRAIN—Wheat, bush.	95 a 1 —
Corn, Penn.	50 a —
Rye,	45 a 50
Oats,	00 a 30
Barley,	a
HAMS, Jersey, lb.	9 a 11
HOPS, first sort, lb.	17 1-2 a 18
LARD, No. 1,	8 a 10
PORK, Jersey, Mess,	12 a 13
Prime,	9 a 10
Cargo,	7,50 a 8
PLASTER PARIS, ton,	3,75 a 4 00
RAGS, Foreign, lb.	6 1-2 a 9
Country,	5 a 12
Fine Linen,	10 a 12
SEEDS, Clover, bush.	— a —
Herd-grass,	60 a —
Timothy do.	2,50 a —
TOBACCO, Kentucky, lb.	4 1-2 a 6 1-2
Virginia,	5 a 16
WOOL, Merino, lb.	35 a 40

MARRIED.

On the 15th inst. at Christ Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, KENNETH M'KENZIE, Esq. of Scotland, to Miss MARY WOOD, daughter of Mr. James Wood, of Liverpool, Eng.

On the 7th inst. at Washington, by the Rev. Mr. Matthews, Mr. CHARLES WARD, of the Philadelphia Theatre, to Miss MARTHA AGNEW.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Manning Force, Mr. WILLIAM WIGGINS, to Miss MARY JONES, all of this city.

On the 15th ult. at New York, by the Rev. John Gorman, Mr. BENJAMIN W. SCHOCH, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss ABIGAIL SHAFFER, of Red Hook.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. Mr. JOSEPH MARSHALL, to Mrs. MARY COLLINS, both of this city.

On the 25th ult by the Rev. Jonas W. Holman, Mr. WILLIAM PINKERTON, to Miss ELIZA DAVISON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wity, Mr. SAMUEL ROGERS, to Miss LYDIA HALL, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Baily, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr Staughton, Mr. WILFRED HALL, to Miss JANE MADDOCK, daughter of Mr. Ezekiel E. Maddock, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. A. J. Keys, Mr. DAVID SAMUEL, to ESTHER, youngest daughter of John Moss, Esq. all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Livingston, Mr. JOSEPH O. POLLARD, to Miss FRANCES M. daughter of Mr. Gershom Lambert, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kutz, Mr. EDWARD ORRELL, to Miss MARY CLARK, all of Philadelphia.

DIED.

On the 17th inst. ANN B. WAY. Funeral this afternoon at 3 o'clock, from the S. E. corner of South and Swanson streets.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARY S. M'DOWELL, aged 28 years.

On the 14th inst. after a lingering illness, RUTH HARRISON, relict of the late Robert Harrison, and daughter-in-law of the late Thomas Harrison.

On the 12th inst. at her brother's house in Germantown, MARY MACKNET, aged 70 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY, widow of Philip Tears, aged 72 years.

On the 13th inst. in New York, JAMES HERVEY, son of Mr. Charles Nolen, of this city, aged 20 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. JACOB THUM, aged 22 years.

On the 18th inst. Mr. ELI PEIRSON, aged 21 years.

On the 9th inst. at the residence of his daughter on Chesnut Hill, Philadelphia county, TOBIAS KEPLER, at the advanced age of 101 years, and 1 month.

On the 14th inst. aged 48 years, JOSEPH HICKS, formerly of Newtown, Bucks county.

On the 17th inst. aged 17 years, MARY B. daughter of Mr. Samuel Grice, of Kensington.

On the 12th inst. SUSANNA, consort of James Jasper, of a lingering illness, aged about 45 years.

On the 14th ult. at Laguira, JOACHIM FREDERICK ECKARD, for many years a resident in Philadelphia.

On the 14th inst. at his residence in Burlington, New Jersey, aged 69 years, ROBERT FIELDING, formerly an eminent Coachmaker of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. at Burlington, N. J. DANIEL SMITH, aged 62 years, a respectable member of the Society of Friends.

On the 18th inst. at Greensburg, ELIZABETH, infant daughter of the Rev. David C. Page, of that place.

On the 14th of August, in Cincinnatti, Ohio, ELIZABETH F. wife of Mr. James Comly, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 5th inst. at Charleston, S. C. of the prevailing fever, the Rev. THOMAS CHARLTON HENRY, Pastor of the second Presbyterian Church, in that place, eldest son of Alex. Henry, Esq. of this place.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
Philadelphia,	47	30	77
New-York,	48	44	92
Baltimore,	14	14	28

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Dorothea, Davis, 100, Guayaquil, cocoa and specie.

Fr. Ship Mississippi, Gotrot, Havre, mdze.

Br. Barque Dorothy, Dearness, 52, Newcastle, Eng. coal, &c.

Brig Mary Becket, Sandgram, Trinidad de Cuba, molasses.

—— Eugene, Hodge, 67, Leghorn, and 44, Rock of Gibraltar.

—— Decatur, Campbell, 19, Matanzas, coffee.

—— Mary & Eliza, Gibbs, 8, Boston, mdze.

—— Howard, Deaming, 28, Madeira, wine.

—— Gen. Mercer, Paul, 7, Charleston, rice.

—— Acorn, House, 4, Boston, mdze.

Schr. Nymph, Day, 8, Salem, mdze.

—— Good Friends, Mullen, 15, Cape Haytien, coffee.

—— Eastern Trader, Stickney, 34, City St. Domingo, mahogany.

—— Regulator, Lace, 11, Boston, mdze.

—— Barstow, Day, 10, Portsmouth, mdze.

—— Domestic, Briggs, 7, Providence, mdze.

—— Diana, Briggs, 2, New York, mdze.

—— Phœnix, Coulter, 13, Havana, sugar and molasses.

—— Emily Davis, Davis, 6, Richmond, mdze.

—— Mount Vernon, Ireland, 6, Baltimore, mdze.

—— Socrates, Ryder, 5, New York, mdze.

—— Mirror, Loper, 8, Hartford, mdze.

—— Farmers' Industry, Barrett, 8, Richmond, coal.

Sloop Intrepid, Parker, 4, Madison, potatoes.

—— Baltic Packet, Taylor, 2, New York, mdze.

—— Plough Boy, Brown, 14, Newburyport, mdze.

—— Fox, Painter, 3, Smithfield, grain.

—— Johnson, Johnson, 5, Alexandria, flour.

—— Bolivar, Beasly, 2, New York, flour and pork.

CLEARED.

Ships Benjamin Morgan, Mathieu, New Orleans; Caroline, Hewes, Charleston.

Brigs Independence, Douglass, Hamburg; Native, Wineburg, St. Thomas; Omega, Kartscher, Darien; Frontier, Lincoln, Norfolk; Frances, Croft, Savannah; Pilot, Milton, Boston.

Schrs Reaper, Meyers, New Iberia; Nocna Eloisa, (Spanish,) Matamala, Havana; John and William, Stratton, St. Jago de Cuba; Union, Frideaux, Snowhill; Rozella, M'Kenzie, Boston; Virginia, Chambers, Norfolk; Triton, Brooks, New York; Amelia, Schoolfield, Beaufort, N. C.; Eleanor, Morse, Richmond.

Sloops William, Saunders, Providence; Constitution, Teal, Alexandria; Prince Maurice, Taulman, Newbern, N. C.

To Journeymen Tailors.

FIVE or six Journeymen Tailors will meet with constant employment, and liberal wages, at Mount Airy, opposite the Mount Airy Military Lyceum.

oct 20—3t*

Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander—

On the 4th inst. I issued a Prospectus for a new periodical, to appear in the city of Philadelphia, from the first of January next, to be called,

"THE FRIEND:

Or Advocate of Truth."

Ten days later, a new periodical made its appearance, entitled "*The Friend*," evidently intended to forestall the work which I had proposed: but as its authors have shown no disposition to encroach upon either the *letter* or *spirit* of my *last line*, they are welcome to the use of the *first*; as it is presumed the characteristic distinction, which they have seen fit to make, will continue to designate the *borrowed title* from the *original*.

MARCUS T. C. GOULD.

Philadelphia, Oct 18, 1827.

THE FRIEND:

OR, ADVOCATE OF TRUTH.

To be published Monthly, in the City of Philadelphia, at $1 a year.

AMONG the objects to be embraced by the FRIEND, the following may be considered the most prominent, viz:

To present in a cheap octavo form, a concise and authentic history of the Society of Friends, together with such extracts from their writings, public discourses and other documents, as are calculated to remove the veil of mystery and misrepresentation which has hitherto excluded from the public eye, much of the true character and merits of this respectable society.

The work will be interspersed with the biography of individuals, who have, in different stages of the Society, been rendered conspicuous by their superior endowments and christian virtues; and also of those who have suffered unjust persecution at the hand of other Societies or their own brethren.

Another object will be to give a faithful report of the difficulties through which the Society has passed, and those in which it is, or may be involved: thus showing to the world, that the discord and animosity, which are tarnishing the long established character of this hitherto peaceful Society, and lacerating the breasts of its worthy members are not indigenous, but poisonous exotics which, like tares from the hand of the enemy, have sprung up, and now threaten by their exuberance the destruction of those native fruits of the spirit, which once characterized the Society of Friends.

It will also be an object to endeavour to show, that nothing is wanting for the restoration of peace and harmony, but a more strict adherence to that infallible principle, under the benign influence of which the Society has heretofore enjoyed prosperity, and its members sweet communion: and that by a return to this principle, the genial rays of charity, will soon dispel those clouds which now intercept the light of heaven, and cast a gloomy shade on suffering christendom. The work will omit nine to register such passing events as may be deemed advisable, and necessary to the present and future well being of the Society—all doubtful points being submitted to members of the Society prepared to judge.

Towards the accomplishment of these objects, the proprietor has the assurance of access to numerous publications of the Society, from the days of George Fox to the present time; together with the personal aid of individuals eminently qualified for placing in their true light, the materials thus procured.

It is believed that these advantages, combined with the proprietor's facility in recording the language of public speakers as it is to them their lips, will enable him to furnish a work of far more interest to the Society than any which has yet been published, while it will be much cheaper than any similar production now before the public.

The agents and patrons of the Quaker the Friend, and the late Christian Inquirer, are particularly and respectfully solicited to lend their aid in procuring patronage for this publication. The proprietors of papers in different parts of the United States who will give it a prospectus insertion, shall be entitled to receive the Quaker and Friend for one year.

All communications upon the subject, must be addressed, free of postage, to M. T. C. Gould, Stereotypeher, Philadelphia. Oct. 20—1t

$10 REWARD.

STRAYED or stolen, on the evening of the 7th inst. a BAY MARE, 4 years old, about 14 hands high, one hind foot white, a number of white marks on the right side, and well broke to saddle and harness. The above reward and reasonable charges will be given, if returned to the subscriber, in Abington township, Montgomery co. near the Fox Chase.

oct 20—3t* JONATHAN MAGARGAL.

WANTED,

A GIRL, capable to do cooking, washing, ironing, and house work generally. She must come well recommended. Apply at 71 Cherry street. oct 20—3t

To Teachers and Booksellers.

THE third edition of Waterman's Practical Grammar, for the use of schools, with improvements, is now completed, and ready for sale, whole and half bound, at the *Tea and Stationery* store, No. 33 south Fifth street Philadelphia; or at Tower & Hogan's, No. 355, Market street.

N. B. A liberal discount will be allowed to those who purchase by the dozen or hundred. oct 20—3t

FOR TRENTON.

THE Steam Boat PENNSYLVANIA, Capt. Z. W. Kellum, leaves Arch street wharf every morning at 9 o'clock, A. M. for Bristol, where coaches will be in readiness to convey passengers to Trenton, and return in time for the boat the same day. Fare up or down, 75 cents.

N. B. For seats apply at the Office No. 9 Arch street, or of the Captain on board the boat. For seats in Trenton apply at David Green's inn, or Joseph W. Vanclave's inn, Trent n. JOHN STEVENS,

Philada. Oct 20—tf Proprietor Bristol, Pa.

Cocoons Wanted.

THE Subscriber will give the highest price for SILK COCOONS.—Apply to G. C. Frank, Tobacconist, 97 North 3d street, Philadelphia, or to the subscriber opposite the Hart Tavern, Frankford road, near the second mile stone, who will also attend at Mr. Frank's every Wednesday and Saturday morning.

oct 20—3t* JOHS. TER HOEVEN.

STOVES.

TWO excellent Ten Plate STOVES, for sale Cheap —Enquire at this Office. oct 20—tf

CANARIES.

A LOT of handsome CANARIES, for sale by the pair, or together—a bargain. Enquire at this Office. oct 20—tf

TO RENT.

A LARGE

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OLD SIMON.

Old Simon and Jenny for forty long years,
In sunshine and storms thro' this valley of tears,
Had jogged on together, and when they grew old,
They look'd with regret on their silver and gold;
For death in his wand'rings had always pass'd by,
That they almost forgot they ever should die.
Too stingy was Simon to part with a guinea,
Till the bucket was fairly kick'd over by Jenny;
For then he was free, and he thrust up again
As fine as a fiddler a wife to obtain;
His teeth were all gone, and his eyes were glaz'd over—
His head was as gray as a white blossom of clover:
His nose and his chin in true friendship met met,
And his lips with tobacco were colour'd and wet;
Tho' bending and drooping he thought himself young,
And to flatter the ladies new model'd his tongue—
But with gold in his pocket what could not be done?
For beauty, by riches too often is won!
And he married a lady not sixteen years old,
Was it *Love* for old Simon? Oh! no, 'twas his gold.

NORA.

An enigma, said to have been written by Mr. Canning, which for a length of time baffled the skill of all England to solve:

There is a word of plural number,
A foe in peace and human slumber.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding S you plural make;
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis:
Plural, is plural then no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before."

SOLUTION.—The word is cares, to which by adding an S, you have cares.

The following lines were copied from the Register at the American Hotel, Niagara:—

"To learn, poor fallen man, just trace this book,
How vain, how weak, how low his scribblings look.
Would you his Maker know, exalt your soul,
He writes his name where yonder waters roll;
His pen the iris, boiling from the sheet,
Vastness the theme, eternity the date."

ANTICIPATORY WISH.

A lady made a Christmas present to an old servant a few days before it might have been expected. It was gratefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks: "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, ma'am; and with you many *returns* of the season *before it comes!*"

From Jonah Barrington's Sketches.

"Mr. Curran had a younger brother who was an attorney, very like him, but taller and better looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humor, a little wit, and much satire; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute—He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession, found that was saying a great deal of him.) My friend had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances, until these calls became so importunate, that at length further compliance was refused. 'Sir,' said the attorney to me, one day, 'if you speak to my brother, I am sure he'll give me something handsome before the week is out!' I assured him he was mistaken, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh! There was a small space of dead wall, at that time, directly facing Curran's house, in Ely place, against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter (one of his comrades) to erect a cobler's stall there, for him, and having assumed the dress of a Jubon, he wrote over his stall:—'Curran, Cobler: Shoes toe-pieced, soled, or heel-ed on the shortest notice: when the stall is shut enquire over the way.' Curran on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chairmen b—s ging around him. The attorney just nodded to his brother, cried: 'How do you do, Jack?' and went on with his employment. Curran immediately dispatched a servant for the spendthrift, to whom, having given some money, the shoe board was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney sewed that he would never set up again as a cobbler."

FORGETFULNESS.

A gentleman who had a short memory, wrote in his pocket-book: "Mem.—to marry next Thursday." As a proof that this precaution was not altogether useless, Mr. B.——, who had married in the morning, went to bed at night in his usual lodging. And it is related of Mr. Harvest, whose character is drawn by Bickerstaffe, in the comedy of the *Hoyse Man*, that having appointed a day to be married, he entirely forgot it and went a fishing.

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

A simple ostler being one day at confession with his priest, was asked by the father if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats?" Never replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession, the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud. "How," said the priest! "I remember at your last confession you said you had never done so?"—"No more had I then," answered the ostler; "for till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind, I have ever been tempted to practice that fraud."

A JUST COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Roscoe, the elegant historian of the Medici family, one morning entered the Liverpool Library, when a friend said to him, "I have just seen the *tallest*, the *best bred* and the most sensible man that I have seen for twenty years; I wonder who it could be?" "That must be Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, (answered Mr. Roscoe) for I know of no other man that can answer your description."

BEGINNING THE WORLD.

There is nothing that distracts the slumbers of a young man so much as setting up business. Beginning the world brings with it many serious thoughts.—The hopes of success, the fears of disaster, the ligaments of tenderness; the feelings of rivalry, all work deeply upon the youthful mind, and renders its nights restless and uneasy. There are some tempers however that are eternally delighted with whatmay be called beginning the world. I knew a man who began life half a dozen times in the course of a few years, and each time with a different set of rules. He had been every thing for a time, but nothing long. In consequence he was a poor devil, and will very likely die a poor devil.

VINEGAR.

The manufacture of vinegar deserves to be classed among the chemical arts, since the means of extracting this acid from wood, by carbonisation, have been discovered. The fabrication of vinegar from fermented liquors was known to the Israelites, and to other eastern nations. Boaz says to Ruth, "Eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." Notwithstanding its ancient origin, however, this art was only empirical, until the birth of pneumatic chemistry. A curious treatise has been published at Paris, by M. Julia Fontenelle, on the theory of vinous and acetous fermentation; on the various phenomena which succeed one another during its occurrence; and on the causes which produce, accelerate, or retard it. The whole art of vinegar making rests on fundemental principles. The author of this treatise describes the various processes followed in various countries;—and concludes with an explanation of the means of manufacturing vinegar from wood.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. XXXVI.

Botanic Name } ERICA TETRALIX.
English Name } *Boreal Heath.*
French Name } *Bruyere tetralide.*

The Heaths form one of the most extensive genus of plants, containing upwards of 300 species, all pretty, with a peculiar slender habit, small narrow sessile leaves, and delicate flowers, seldom sweet scented. They are confined to the Eastern Continent, and mostly to Africa, none having been found in America, where an akin genus, the *Andromeda*, flourishes instead.

They are all shrubby, forming commonly small evergreen shrubs from one to three feet high; but some species are larger; and one, the *E. arborea*, attains in Greece and Sicily the height of a tree. The Heaths are social shrubs, covering often large tracts of ground, which bear their names in England.

Some species are very showy, with fine clusters of large flowers: they are the ornament of Greenhouses and the delight of modern Florists. Their cultivation is easy; but they require a peculiar made soil, called heath soil, light and rich. They are at the head of a large natural family called after them *Ericeæ*.

The actual species, rather a humble one, grows further North in Europe than any other, from Ireland and Scotland to Sweden and Russia, and bearing the cold well, may therefore be cultivated in the open ground in the United States.

It has the leaves in whorls, or 4 by 4, they are distant and linear: the flowers are terminal in clusters and whorls, commonly capitated or forming small heads. The calix has 4 divisions, the corolla is oval with 4 teeths, inclosing 8 stamina and a pistil. Belonging therefore to *Octandria* of Linnæus. *Erica* is an old Latin name, *tetralix* means in 4 rows.

The Heaths are the emblems of DELICATE NEATNESS.

PARKER'S PANACEA.

A TIMELY use of this PANACEA will prevent Consumption, as it carries off the complaints that terminate in this fatal and wide spreading disease. It is a well known fact that more die with this disease than of any other to which the human family is exposed. Indeed it has spread to such an alarming extent, and is so certain in its operation, when once it has got the ascendancy, that we cannot be too careful in nipping in the bud the diseases that generate it.

In cases where mercury has been used, the effects of which remain in the system, it is an invaluable medicine. It restores the constitution to its wonted vigor and soundness, and completely eradicates the evils that attend it, and many can bear testimony to its good effects in this particular.

In Rheumatisms it is part-cularly beneficial; its effects are such as completely to remove the complaint.

In Consumptions, Scrofula or King's Evil, Liver Complaint, Tumours, Dyspepsia, Tetter, Ulcers, Putrid Sore Throat, Syphilitic and Pseudo Syphilitic, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, it will be found of eminent service.

This PANACEA is equal to any in use; it is pleasant to the taste, and requires no alteration in the diet—spirituous liquors are to be avoided.

The printed directions will accompany the Panacea.—Price $2 per bottle, and $20 dollars per dozen.

JOHN A. PARKER.

Union Canal Lottery.

THE following are the numbers drawn in the Union Canal Lottery, 33d Class,

51 25 21 5 23 9 33 43.

A number of handsome prizes were sold by B. DAVIS & CO. No. 34, North Third street, opposite Hershell's City Hotel.

Tickets in the 34th Class will be sold at the scheme price until Saturday evening. oct 13—tf

"All's well that ends well."

"'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;"
"But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true."

WEDNESDAY the Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery, 33d Class, took place, which gave to the patronage of the City Offices, a number of splendid prizes. Numbers drawn from the wheel:

51 25 21 5 23 9 33 43.

Holders of prizes are requested to call and receive their cash, at either of the City Offices, N. E. Corner of Chesnut and Fourth street, and 49 South Third street.

oct 13—tf JOHN DOLBY.

PORTRAIT OF ELIAS HICKS.

A CORRECT and well engraved Likeness of ELIAS HICKS, may be had at No. 66 Gallery, West Avenue, ARCADE. oct 13—3t

REMEDY FOR HUNGER!

"I'M hungry"—said poor Jack one day;
"I'm gone about the ribs."—
"Oh! then," said I, "without delay,
Go on and dine with "GIBBS."

For hungry folks, there's naught like gold,
All else is farce and squibs;
So see the prices all are sold,
Steer right away for "GIBBS."

Let others boast of all their store,
Their cellars and their cribs;
For heaps of gold, just ope the door
That leads to lucky GIBBS."

Then set your canvass to the gale,
Your topsails and your jibs,
And steering straight, you'll never fail,
To reach the port of "GIBBS."

oct 13—tf

MANTUA RIBBONS.

ONE case, very superior MANTUA RIBBONS, assorted colours and numbers, just received, and for sale by STOKES & BUZBY.

oct 13—3t*

CIDER.

WM. BUNTING, No 80, North 4th Street, has on hand a large quantity of superior last year's CIDER, which he will sell either by the hogshead, barrel, or dozen.

N. B. Shipping orders put up at the shortest notice. oct 13—3t

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the partnership of THOMAS & JACOB ASHTON, trading under the firm of THOMAS ASHTON & CO. was dissolved on the 6th of October. THOMAS ASHTON,

oct 13—3t* JACOB ASHTON.

Mary's Vegetable Ointment.

FOR the Cure of Tetters, Chilblains, Burns, Tumours, Ulcers, and Piles. It procures immediate relief in all Cutaneous diseases.

For Sale at F. Brown's Drug Store, N. E. corner of 5th and Chesnut streets; and at Macpherson's, N. E. corner of Broad and Chesnut street. oct 13—3t

THE FIRST NUMBER
Of the Philadelphia
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
IS IN PRESS.

AND will be published on the 15th instant. This work will appear regularly on the 15th day of every month—the price designated in the Prospectus.

Subscriptions received by J. DOBSON, Agent, No. 108 Chesnut street. Price $3 00 per annum. The prospectus may be had at the same place. oct 13—3t*

89, CHESNUT STREET.

THE following are the drawn numbers of the Union Canal Lottery, 33d Class, drawn in this city on Wednesday, 51, 25, 21, 5, 23, 9, 33, 43.

Combination 9, 23, 51, and 9, 43, 51—two of the Capitals were sold, as usual, at

J. REYS,
89 Chesnut, 2d door below Third street.

Where most of uncurrent money is always taken at par for tickets or bought at a low rate. Orders from the country will meet with promptness and despatch.

Gold bought and sold. oct 13—tf

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Gold bought and sold. oct 13—tf

WILLIAM H. MOORE,
UNDERTAKER

No. 102 1-2 Arch street, between Fifth and Sixth street, (South side.)

A GENERAL assortment of Coffins, of various sizes and patterns, plain and ornamented always on hand. Also, stuff of every description ready prepared, which, at the shortest notice, can be made to order. The whole business of Funerals will be attended to, if desired, on very moderate terms, such as furnishing Hearse, Carriages, Shrouds, Scarfs, Crape, &c. Boxes, &c.

N. B. Attendance at all hours.—*Circumstances taken into consideration.* May 13—6m

TO PRINTERS.

FOR sale, about 180 lbs. PICA GREEK, Ronaldson's Cast, but only been used to print 400 copies of a pamphlet of 40 pages—price very low.

ALSO—300 lbs. PEARL TYPE, mostly Ronaldson's Cast, has been used only in Stereotyping—will be put up in small founts to suit purchasers—very low.

ALSO—200 lbs. LONG PRIMER, White's No. 3.

A very extensive and beautiful assortment of JOB TYPE and Borders of all descriptions, &c.

An assortment of Mather's PRINTING INK.

Apply at J. HOWE'S
Stereotype Foundry and Printer's Warehouse, corner of Crown and Cullowhill streets.

Applications by mail must be post paid.
march 17—tf

NOTICE TO EVAN DAVID.

WHEREAS JOSHUA DAVID of Newcastle, Del. deceased, deprived by his last Will and Testament, a share of his property to his brother Evan David in case he should be living, this is to give notice to the said Evan David, to come forward and claim his share of the said property.

Published pursuant to the last Will and Testament of Joshua David. ELISHA DAVID,
June 16—1y* Newcastle county, Del.

Straw Bonnet Manufactory.
MRS. E. HENLEY,

No. 4, North Second Street,

CONTINUES to Manufacture Straw and Gymp Cottage Bonnets, of fashionable patterns. She has on hand English straw hats of the newest fashion, American straw and Gymp cottage bonnets, Leghorn flats and crowns, do. Roliver hats, men's and boy's Leghorn, Seggrass and Manilla hats, pink, blue, white and black satins, &c. &c. muslins, gauze, garnetore and other fancy ribbons, plain satin and taffety do. piping cords, and a great variety of Millinary trimmings, straw plait and chean gymp, by the single yard or larger quantity.

N. B. Country Merchants and Milliners supplied on liberal terms.

ALSO—A variety of Ladies' Cloaks, Boy's and Misses' do. Also, Circassian, Tartan, and Camblet plaids, at very reduced prices. sept 15—3t

TOWNSEND SHARPLESS,

No. 30, South Second Street.

HAS received, by recent arrivals, an assortment of the following articles.

Rich Irish Tabinets,
Bombazeens and Norwich Crapes,
Printed and Worsted Bombazeens,
Figured Bombazets and neat Circassian Plaids,
Plain Circassians and fine Bombaze, high colors,
Heavy double Lavantines, Gros de Naples and Florences,
An excellent assortment of black and coloured India Satins and Satin Lavantines,
Black Italian Mantuas,
Also, a case of TURKISH SATINS, a new and beautiful article for Cloaks, Dresses,
5, 7 and 8-4 plain silk Cashmere Shawls,
4-4 do do. with neat coloured borders,
White Mantua shawls, plain and with neat borders,
Rich Furniture Chintzes, fine Dimities and Muslins,
Damask Table Cloths, 5-8 and 4-4 Damask Napkins,
Marseilles Quilts, of a superior quality,
Fine Tickings and heavy Rose and Whitney Blankets,
Stout Cotton and white Angola Hose,
Heskin Gloves, Linen Cambric Hdkfs.
Super white Italian Crape and Crape Lisse,
Fine white Bombazeens,
Also—Fine white and drab Cloth Shawls; Pelisse Cloths; Cloth Coatings, and fine Habit Cloths, suitable for Cloaks

sept 23—6t*

Mr. Milford's Anodyne Drops,

FOR the instantaneous cure of the Tooth-Ache. 50 cents. LOTION, for Scorbutic gums, and fastening loose Teeth, 50 cents. Powder, for the preservation of teeth, 25 cents. Sold at the N. W. corner of Locust and 6th sts. N. W. corner of Pine and 6th sts. and 828 South 3d street. sept 29—1t*

PIANO FORTES,

MANUFACTURED, repaired, and tuned, in a satisfactory manner, (if not there will be no charge,) by CONRAD MEYERS,
No. 243, North Front Street,

Or a line addressed to him and left at this Office, or at the Post Office, will be promptly attended to. july 14

SADDLERY, HARNESS,
AND COACH FURNITURE.

H. & F. A. HUBER, offer for Sale, at No. 40 North Third street, opposite Heinkell's Hotel, a large and general assortment of imported and American saddlery, used by Saddlers, Harness, and Coach Makers, at the lowest prices for cash or acceptances—consisting of all the varieties of plated, brass, tinned, japanned steel, iron, wood, woollen, cotton and linen furniture, together with a constant supply of hog skins. June 23—tf

CARD.

B. M. HOLLINSHEAD informs his friends, as well as the public generally, that he has established a Retail Store, at No. 12 North, 6th Street, between Market and Arch Streets, which he has furnished with an assortment of fresh, and desirable DRY GOODS—amongst which is a choice lot of plain and twilled Bombazets, several colours, particularly calculated for Friends.—Also, Flannels, Hosiery, Calicoes, Men and Women's superior Buskin and other Gloves, Muslin for cravats, &c. &c. sept 23—tf

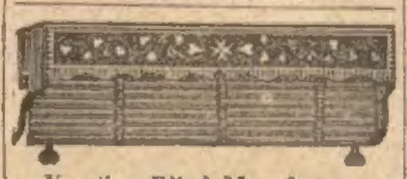
CHEAP CLOAKS, &c. &c.

CLOTH and Plaid Cloaks, Cassiet, Tartan, Circassian and Bombazet, plain and gay, of all sizes; together with an extensive assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Flannels, Hosiery, and other Dry Goods, at No. 44 North Second street, a few doors below Arch street.—Also, just received, 1000 yards of elegant figured Thread Bobinet Lace, very cheap as above.

Oct. 6—3t T. RHOADS.

"Tales for Leisure Hours,"

COMPRISING twelve tales in a volume of 162 pages, neatly bound in boards, price 50 cents, or 75 cents extra binding, may be had of CAREY, LEA and CAREY, S. E. corner of Chesnut and Fourth; JUDAH DOBSON, No. 108 Chesnut street; and at the Office.



Venetian Blind Manufactory.
HOOK & STOCKTON,

No. 7, South Sixth Street.

HAVE constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Venetian Blinds, of superb Manufacture, the most elegant colours and warrant-d to stand, which they offer as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

N. B. We continue to supply Upholsterers at the lowest wholesale prices. oct 13—3m

Again! and Again!!

THE Drawn Numbers in the 33d Union Canal Lottery, are, 51 25 21 5 23 9 33 43.

Again was Conine successful, having had the pleasure, (as often enjoyed by him,) of disposing of one of the Capitals! The holders of the same (being sold in shares,) are earnestly requested to call at Conine's truly Fortunate Office, No. 3 South Third street.

*** Tickets and shares can be had at scheme price in the next class till Saturday evening. Capital $10,000, to be drawn on the 14th inst. month. oct 13—tf

The Clothiers' Ready Reckoner.

JUST Published and for Sale, by Kimber & Sharpless, No. 93 Market street, *The Clothiers' Ready Reckoner, or, Game Table:* showing at one view what quantity of yarn in seams any web will take, from ten skeins to thirty in length, and from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-six portions in breadth. Accurately calculated for the standard seams and setts, with directions how to use them. By T. Nicholson, of Dalry, Great Britain.

10—3t&6t—4t

BARTLESON & HARVEDA,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET,

HAVE on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN VENITIAN BLINDS, which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable wood made BLINDS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb. 3—tf

Waterman's Practical Grammar,
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

THE third edition of this Grammar, is now in Press, and it is expected will be finished in two weeks from this date, with additional improvements, which have undergone the inspection of several eminent Professors, who approve of them.

sept 8—tf JESSE WATERMAN

Gold Printed Visiting Cards, &c.

THE subscriber invites the public to call and examine his specimens of *Gold Printed Visiting Cards*, at No. 66, Gallery, West Avenue, ARCADE; where Visiting Cards, &c. &c. will be neatly engraved and printed.

oct 13—3t JACOB MAAS.

THROUGH IN ONE DAY.

CITIZENS' LINE,
For New York,

VIA BORDENTOWN AND WASHINGTON,
Only 24 miles Land Carriage, in connection with
THE STEAM BOATS
PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK.

THE Steam Boat PENNSYLVANIA, Captain E. W. Kellum, will leave Arch street wharf every morning, (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock, A. M. for Burlington, Bristol and Bordentown. Passengers for New York will take the Coaches at Bordentown, 24 miles to Washington, and there take the new and elegant Steam Boat NEW-YORK, Capt. Jeffries, and arrive in New York by 3 o'clock the same afternoon.

FARE THROUGH $4.

N. B. For seats, apply at the steam boat Office, No. 3 Arch street, corner of Front, or of the Captain, on board the boat, at Arch street Wharf.

September 26, 1837.

DR. MEAD'S
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

A SAFE and efficacious remedy for all those deranged states of the digestive organs constituting *Dyspepsia or Indigestion.*

This medicine is the invention of a physician who has applied his study and practice for a number of years to this distressing disease, and is therefore the result of much experience. Induced by the duties he owes to society, the proprietor has adopted this mode of circulation in order to give it a greater range of publicity, and that it may become more extensively useful than it could possibly be were it confined within the private practice of any individual whatever. These Pills have been several years in the hands of the public and the rapidly increasing sales, and numerous certificates in their favor, bear ample testimony to the efficacy of the remedy. They operate mildly though efficaciously, and require no unusual attention to diet, nor is there any danger to be apprehended from cold, as they are entirely free from mercury in any form whatever.

Sold in New York by O. & W. Hull, 166 Pearl street, who are sole agents for the proprietor; in Philadelphia, by Smith & Pennell, corner of Market and Third sts.; Isaac Thompson, corner of Market and Second streets; Samuel P. Griffiths, Jr. corner of Chesnut and Eighth streets; R. Tooth & Co. No. 232 Market street; in Baltimore, by Henry Price and William Butler, Market st. and by most of the Druggists throughout the United states. april 8—tf

GALLERY, WEST AVENUE,

WHERE ENGRAVING in various branches, will be satisfactorily attended to, by JACOB MAAS, Engraver.

sept 29—3t.

Mr. Planton's Uncorruptible
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

APPROVED by the Medical Society and the Franklin Institute, are too well known to need eulogium. Experience has proved them to be far superior to any other kind of artificial teeth. He performs also, all operations relative to his profession at a reasonable charge.

DRAWING.—His wife continues to take Likenesses in oil and Miniature, and to teach the Ladies the art of Drawing, at South Fourth, corner of Prune street.

sept 19—3m*

STUMPS.

THE Teeth the advertiser furnishes are handsome and strong, keep their color, hold their pivots well—are the cheapest, nearest to human, and the best calculated for fixing in the mouth upon Stumps, of any yet discovered.

Fixing teeth upon Stumps is the firmest way known, scarcely ever gives pain—never injures the adjoining teeth, and is the way nearest to nature.

Office No. 179 Vine street, above 5th street.
B. WILLIAMS, Dentist.

N. B. Persons in moderate circumstances need not be deterred from visiting the advertiser on that account.

Oct. 6—3m

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 171 Cherry st. the first house above 8th st. feb 4—1y

THE FEMALE'S SPECIFIC.
IT HAS NEVER FAILED.

THIS Medicine, the never failing powers of which can be proved by references to ladies of the greatest respectability in this city. Can always be had at No. 44 PINE STREET, where application can be made *either by letter*, or personally. march 10—6m

Jefferson Medical College.

THE LECTURES will commence on Wednesday immediately preceding the first Monday in November next.

On the Practice of Medicine, by John Eberle, M. D.
Surgery, George M'Clellan, M. D.
Chemistry, Joseph Green, M. D.
Institutes of Medicine, and Medical Jurisprudence, by B. Rush Rhees, M. D.
Anatomy, by Nathan R. Smith, M. D.
Materia Medica and Botany, by Wm. P. C. Barton M. D.
Obstetrics, by John Barnes, M. D.

☞ Fee for attendance on all the courses, as established by law, $90.

No students will be admitted *gratuitously* who shall not present a written application, accompanied by testimonials of his moral character, satisfactory examiners, and general attainments, to the undersigned Committee of the Board of Additional Trustees, on or before the 1st of November next. ASHBEL GREEN, D. D.
WM. DUNCAN,
EDWARD KING.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4th 1837. sept 23—6t

LEWIS TEESE,

FASHIONABLE HAT MANUFACTURER, No. 35 South Third st. below Chesnut street, where hats of any description may be obtained by Wholesale and Retail, which, for beauty and durability, and excellence of materials, are equal to any in the city. Fine Beaver, Castor and Moreen Hats; also, Imitation Beaver, which he offers for sale at very low prices. Country Merchants will find it their interest to call, as the subscriber flatters himself he will give general satisfaction.

An elegant assortment of short nap beaver hats, gentlemen that are in the habit of wearing short naps hats are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—Hats of any shape or quality made to order, at the shortest notice. June 9—6m

MOLLESTON, STOCKTON & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO JOHN ROSET,
170½ Market Street,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public generally, that they have received a large and fresh assortment of goods, amongst which are—7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens, (unbleached,) 6, 8, and 10-4 Damask Table Linens, do. do. Diaper do. 6-4 and 8-4 Russia Table Linen, Irish Sheetings 3 and 6-4, Damask and Diaper Napkins, extra and common, Russia Sheetings, Russia and Irish Diaper for Napkins, black and colored Bombazet, Bombazeens, white Flannels, red and yellow do. Swanskin do. Canton do. extra flag Hdkfs. Cloths and Cassimeres, Vesting, Black Valentias; together with a good assortment of Domestic Goods. 6 mo 29—6t*

Portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte.

JUST published, and for sale *only* by the Subscriber, No. 64 South Fourth, 3 doors below Library street, a very correct Likeness of Napoleon Bonaparte, engraved by Longacre, in a superb style, from the original miniature, by Rouvens, in the possession of the *Count de Survilliers*, who has politely entrusted the picture to be copied.

☞ To be had as above, at considerably reduced prices, every article in the Gilding and Frame making business, viz. Looking Glasses, Prints, and a variety of Paintings, in burnished and Oil Gilt Frames, Toilet Glasses, Portrait and Miniature Frames, Window Cornices, Girandoles, Segar Cups, Card Racks, Pier Screens, &c.

Customers may rest assured that all orders will be executed in the best manner, inferior to none in America; old Frames re-gilt, Looking Glasses re-silvered, &c. Orders from any part of the country will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. The original *Portrait of Gen. Jackson, by Sully*, is offered for sale. Also, a variety of elegant engraved Views, &c. for Ladies' Scrap Books.

May 5—tf G. B. MUNDY, Carver and Gilder.

Prospectus of a Literary Magazine.

To be published for the Editor,

BY J. DOBSON,

No. 108 CHESNUT-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE PHILADELPHIA
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to general LITERATURE and the FINE ARTS.

——"None aliquis detur, Qui tot?
——————————Horace.

THIS favoured literature of the present age, and of this city in particular, at this time, is of that kind which, with an emphasis perhaps too exclusive, is usually designated as practical. The laws of nature, as unfolded by chemistry, have been applied with amazing dexterity and success to the development of our resources; anatomical and physiological researches have given to medical science a practical value hitherto unknown; and the mechanic principles and powers have confirmed their claim on our attention and regard, by a succession of results not less useful than they have been novel and surprising. But while we cheerfully acknowledge the benefits which have resulted to us from inquiries almost exclusively directed to scientific objects, we cannot withhold the expression of our conviction that more than this is necessary to place us on that eminence, from which we may contemplate, with higher emotions, the various interests and feelings, and multiplied relations of man. The pursuits of science, however valuable, and even necessary to the welfare of a state, or to the gratification of individual taste and ambition, can never engross the exclusive regard of a well educated community. The experience of every day evinces, that all that interests us in existence is indissolubly connected with our desires and aversions, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows. "Homo sum, et humanis me nil alienum puto," (an adage not the less estimable, because it is trite) is a sentiment which is strongly felt in this country, and which unites us, by a thousand sympathies, with our fellow men. History and Biography, familiarizing us with former generations in their collective and individual character, open to us a boundless field for instructive inquiry. Poetry, the Fine Arts, and Criticism, while they heighten our gratifications, purify our taste, enlarge our views, and advance and exalt our virtue. These, together with Moral Philosophy, views of the present condition of manners, and General Literature, cannot fail, under all changes of opinion, circumstances and pursuits, to attract the attention and fix the regard, not only of the refined and well educated, but also of the general mass of society.

To promote the cultivation of that literature which adorns while it gives dignity to the possessor, which refines while it adds vigor to moral feeling, and which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of all, is, in a few words, the object which the Editor has in view in making this exertion to establish in Philadelphia a "Literary Journal." He is not ignorant of the failure of many of his predecessors in similar enterprises; but undismayed by these unsuccessful endeavours, though not presuming on exertions yet untried, he wishes with confidence and hope this appeal to the literary pride and particularities of his fellow citizens. With a population so numerous and intelligent, can it be thought extravagant to suppose that Philadelphia will sustain an enterprise, which aims at advancing objects so interesting to liberal minds, and which in other countries are so much approved, and so ably supported.

It is intended that this Magazine shall embrace whatever subjects may be included in the broad designations of General Literature and the Fine Arts.—Regular correspondents will be selected in the principal cities of the Union. The aid of many gentlemen of abilities and taste has been secured, and ample funds are provided for enumerating writers for their contributions. The most valuable foreign Magazines will be regularly imported, and (in accordance with the practice of the Editors of those Journals) selections of the best and most appropriate articles will be inserted. It is scarcely necessary to state that all sectarian and party views will be sedulously excluded.

The following exposition of the subjects which will form the contents of the Magazine, will distinctly illustrate the design of the Editor:—

Essays.	The Fine Arts.
American Memoirs.	Poetry, English, Latin, and French.
Historical Sketches.	Variety, including epigram and anecdote.
American Antiquities.	Notices of American Literature.
Sketches of Life and Character.	Notices of Foreign Literature.
Descriptions of American Scenery.	Useful Arts. (Notices.)
Tales.	Discoveries.
Miscellaneous.	Inventions.
Important Letters.	Philosophical Intelligence.
Classical Literature.	Literary Intelligence.
Philology.	
Criticism.	
Translations from Ancient and Modern Languages.	

TERMS.—*The Philadelphia Monthly Magazine* will be issued on the fifteenth day of every month. At *Five Dollars* per annum, payable on the delivery of the third number, and afterwards in advance; *if not in advance*, the price will be six dollars and *fifty cents*.

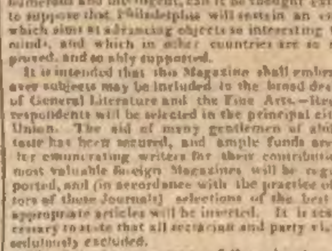
The size will be large octavo. The paper will be of the *best quality*, and a new font of types will be cast expressly for the purpose.

☞ The original contributions will be paid for at the rate of *one dollar and fifty cents* for every printed page.

☞ Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of the Publisher, *J. Dobson*, No. 108 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, by whom and the principal Booksellers, subscriptions will be received.

The first Number will appear in October.

aug. 11—3t.



To Country Merchants and Others.

JOHN REMENT & CO.

No. 5, north Third Street.

(Successors to the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman.)

RESPECTFULLY inform the Customers of the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman, as well as the public in general, that they have now on hand, a large and general assortment of Tortoise Shell, Tuck, Neck, and Side Combs. 9,000, dozen imitation Tuck, do. various sizes. Also, Ivory, Crescent, Dressing, Ridding, Side, Neck, Long, and Pocket Combs, of various sizes and qualities, which they offer for sale, at the above mentioned establishment—at wholesale only—for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants and others are requested to call and examine the assortment.

All orders attended to with despatch.

N. B. Cash and the highest price given for Country and Spanish Hose. sept 29—3m

DR. CHAMBERS'
REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

THE Subscriber, on the decease of the late Dr. William Chambers, took into his possession the personal estate of the deceased, and found, prepared, a large quantity of Dr. Chambers' Remedy for Intemperance.

He hereby informs the public, that he has disposed of all the medicine so found, to Dr. James Hart, and Mr. Andrew M. Fanning, of this city.

In making this disposition, the subscriber has been actuated by a due regard to the interests of the heirs of the intestate, as well as to give the most extensive use to the virtues of the discovery, whatever they may be; and he can further add, with confidence, that the gentlemen who will hereafter be the vendors of the Remedy for Intemperance, as prepared by the inventor, have been intimately connected with Dr. Chambers in his life time, have been his agents in compounding the medicine, and are acquainted with its composition.

SYLVANUS MILLER,
Public Administrator, &c.

☞ The medicine will hereafter be prepared and sold by the subscribers, who alone are in possession of the original recipe of the inventor, at the office of the late Dr. Chambers, in the basement story of Rutger's Medical College, in Duane street, east side of Broadway, and at the Medical store of Dr. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, three doors from the Washington Hall, New York.

The astonishing success which this remedy has obtained in restoring habitual inebriates to sobriety, has established its virtues beyond all contradiction, and supercedes the necessity of any further comment.

All that is required, to ensure its specific effect, is to abide strictly by the directions. It is put up in packages sufficient for one individual cure, and accompanied with ample directions for its use, signed in the hand-writing of the subscribers, without which none are genuine. We are induced to adopt this measure, as, in consequence of the great celebrity which Dr. Chambers' medicine has obtained, there have been, and doubtless will be, many spurious imitations. On enclosing to us the usual price, $5, postage paid, the medicine can be sent by mail. To those who are unable to pay, on personal application of the individual at our office, the medicine will be administered gratis.

JAMES M. HART, M. D.
A. M. FANNING,
Successors to W. Chambers.

A supply of the above celebrated medicine is received and for sale by WM. MOORHEAD,
No. 318 South Second street, Philadelphia.

And at ELLIS & MORRIS' Drug and Chemical Store, 36 Chesnut street, (late Marshall's)
sept 9—9m

GEORGE W. FARR,
WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,
No. 204 MARKET STREET,
Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, citron, claret, bronze, green, brown, mixed, and a variety of fancy colored Cloths and Cassimeres, Hosts, Lewis, Hick & Henry manufactures. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barcathea, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Tailoretti, Valencia, figured and plain Cravats, plain and ruffled linen and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical Students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.

N. B. One years credit will be given to all regular dealers, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—1y

DR. JOHN I. MAYWEG

TENDERS his